



The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone

Religious Education

EXHIBIT

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The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Fireside Chat

Are Easter bunnies and spring bonnets prevalent at your house just now? They are at ours. Elizabeth Norton Jones leaves her usual task as one of our Family Counselors to suggest ways Easter can be made more meaningful for your family.

* * *

Easter and Spring bring planning time for the days of summer. Why not consider attending a family camp on your vacation? You may have to organize one in your area for there aren't many as yet, but the Van Voorhis family would declare your effort well spent. You see, they went last year and—well, read what they have to say on page 5.

* * *

What is your idea of youth and the church? One of the outstanding educators in religion today, Paul H. Vieth, comes to *Hearthstone* to give you the latest slant. A home needs to be aware of the church's position. (Page 40.)

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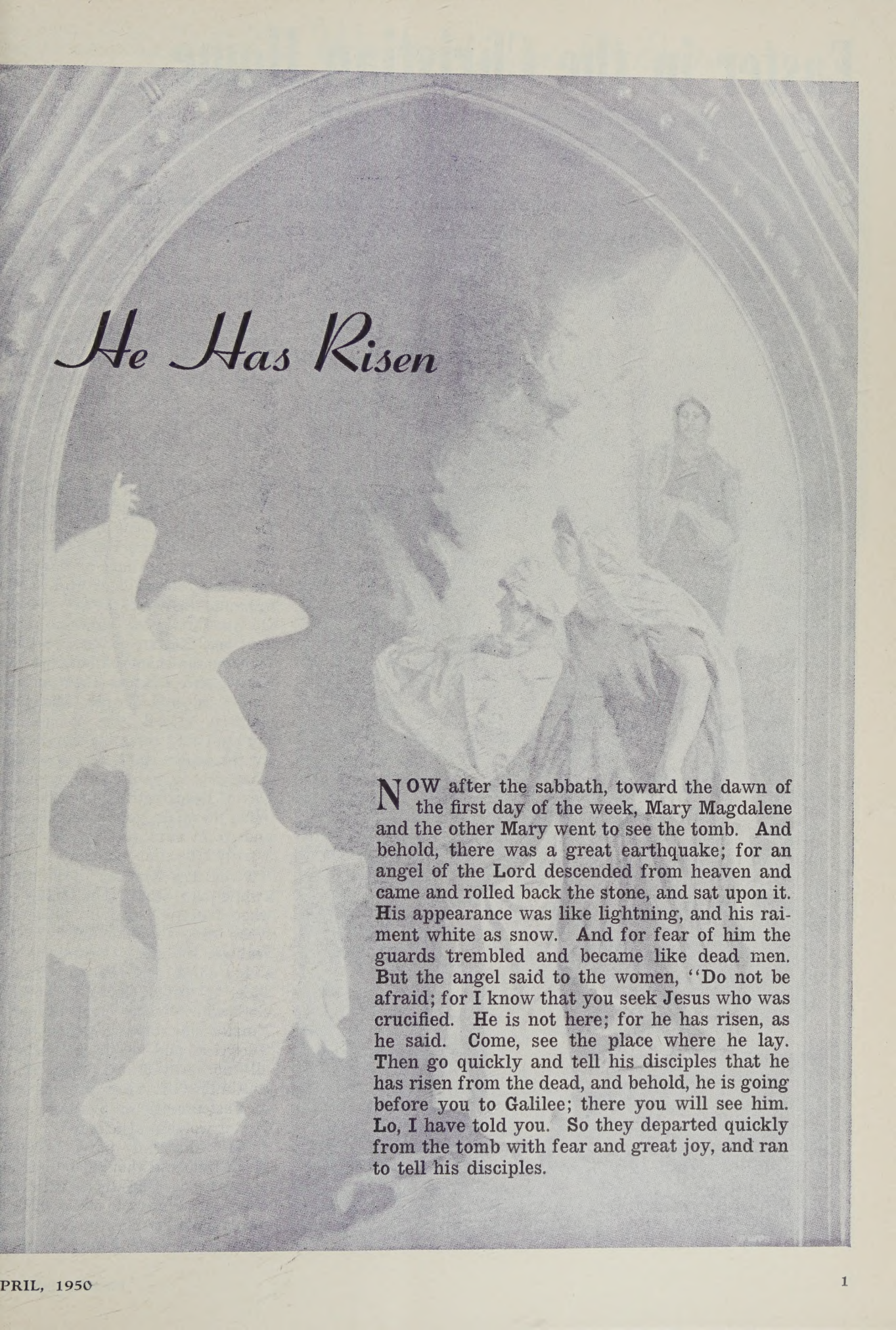
A number of articles consider problems you parents face, including that of deciding when a child is old enough to attend church with you. You have to work it out for yourself, of course, but here are some guiding points.

* * *

Farm folk are special people, blessed with wonderful opportunities for spiritual awareness. Chances are you may feel as we do after reading Anna Laura Gebhard's article on page 17. That is—let's go rural!

* * *

Our Cover Picture was painted by the Norwegian artist, Axel Hjalmar Ender, born in 1853. The painting, "Holy Women at the Tomb," is the altarpiece of the church at Molde, Norway, a fishermen's village located at the very northernmost tip of Norway.



He Has Risen

NOW after the sabbath, toward the dawn of the first day of the week, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to see the tomb. And behold, there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone, and sat upon it. His appearance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. And for fear of him the guards trembled and became like dead men. But the angel said to the women, "Do not be afraid; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for he has risen, as he said. Come, see the place where he lay. Then go quickly and tell his disciples that he has risen from the dead, and behold, he is going before you to Galilee; there you will see him. Lo, I have told you. So they departed quickly from the tomb with fear and great joy, and ran to tell his disciples.

Easter in the Christian Home

We need a new emphasis on Easter in the Christian home. Here are things that will establish Easter as a holy day for your family.

By Elizabeth Norton Jones



WHAT DO you and your family do to celebrate Easter? Do you color dozens of hard-boiled eggs for the Easter Bunny to hide? We do. Do you have an egg-hunt for those colored eggs and candy eggs and Easter baskets? We do. Do you and your children make delicious Easter cookies, cutting them in the shape of bunnies and chicks, and frosting them in the Easter colors? We do. Do your children attend the community egg-hunt and scramble frantically for the golden egg? Ours do. But what *else* do we do to observe the Day of Resurrection in our homes? What do we do, you in your family and we in ours, to keep Easter in a truly Christian manner?

I asked a number of children awhile ago what they think of when I say "Easter." Their answers were shocking but very revealing: "eggs," "candy," "a slide down the Easter Bunny slide," "baby chicks," "pretty clothes," "ham for dinner." Finally one or two remembered "flowers" and "church." That's all—no mention of Jesus, whose continuing life we praise, no word of Easter music or pictures, or of Easter worship at home.

We Christian parents spend much time and thought on our observance of Christmas with our children. We try to stress the giving not the getting, the good news of the baby Jesus before the story

Eva Luoma.

What do you do in your home besides decorating eggs to celebrate Easter? Deeper meaning than colored eggs and candy should come out of Easter home experiences for the entire family.

of Santa Claus. We carefully build a crèche and burn a candle at the window, sing Christmas carols and read the Christmas story. But how many of us give as much thought and preparation to the celebration in our homes of Easter? How *can* we bring the joy and hope of Easter to our children? We've been asking ourselves that question for several years, and we've made a few plans for our family. Won't you join us in some of these plans for your family?

Perhaps one reason we Christian families observe Christmas so much more actively than we do Easter is because our whole family, children and adults alike, can understand Christmas, at least in some measure. Even a tiny child can appreciate the love of a mother for her baby, can experience the happiness of giving to others. Everywhere one goes for weeks before Christmas, one feels the joy of anticipation in the Christmas carols, the bright lights, the lovely greeting cards. But all too often our adult emphasis on Easter, at least until the day itself, is on the sorrow and loss of the crucifixion, which is an emphasis entirely alien to the experience of little children. Let's see what there is in the Easter season which can be of value to our children of each age, so we can plan how best to celebrate this great Christian festival.

TO OUR pre-school children, with their undeveloped minds and emotions and experiences, our Easter story of sacrifice and resurrection carries no meaning. If they are introduced too early to this emphasis, they may develop a feeling of horror about the whole story which may last indefinitely. Rather, we will emphasize the joy of Easter: joy in the beautiful spring world, joy in being friendly, as Jesus was friendly, and joy in sharing beautiful things. We can also give them the Palm Sunday story of the joyous welcome of Jesus by his friends.

With our children of six to eight, we will still touch lightly on Jesus' death, but will lead their

Worship Center for Easter



Reba Cohea.

This sample worship center is especially planned for home and family use. Because of its simplicity and flexibility, any home can set one up as a reminder of God's gift of new life.

thoughts from the happy Palm Sunday to a realization of the influence of Jesus' life which continues in our lives today.

Our Junior age children can realize, too, that Jesus' way of life and his compassion for people did not die on the Cross, but they are continuing today through all who try to follow Him. They can thoroughly appreciate and enjoy the traditional Easter music, and love to sing the familiar hymns.

BUT," you say, "my children will ask questions about Jesus' death and his resurrection, for they hear about it at church and school and from friends. How can I know how to answer those questions? How can I prepare myself to lead their thoughts and experiences at this Easter time?" Probably the best preparation that you and I can make is through meditation and prayer, through reading on the subject of Easter and children, and finally through making definite plans for the season. We must first rethink our

own faith. We will read and re-read the Palm Sunday, Passion Week, and Easter stories in our Bibles. We will read devotional passages on the Easter message in such booklets as *The Secret Place* and the *Upper Room*. Then we will study books on the children's faith, such as *The Faith of Our Children* by Mary Alice Jones, and *Our Little Child Faces Life* by Mary Odell. Always we will seek the guidance of our Heavenly Father. With this preparation we will be ready to answer our children's questions in a matter-of-fact, authoritative manner, according to our Christian beliefs.

Now, our plans:

1. What about decorations?

Let's first stress the joy of Easter through on-going nature by having flowers and growing plants in our homes. Let's let the little ones plant the spring bulbs and care for them until they bloom. Let's help them cut branches of forsythia and other spring-blooming trees and shrubs, and bring

them indoors so they can enjoy the unfolding of the delicate blossoms.

JUST AS we build a crèche for a worship center at Christmas time, so at Easter let's develop a worship center. Perhaps we could make a three-panelled triptych, with pictures of Jesus on the three panels. We might use any of these pictures:

Triumphal Entry—Ploekhorst
Triumphal Entry—Deger
Last Supper—Da Vinci
Last Supper—Zimmermann
Holy Women at the Tomb—
Ender
Easter Morning—Hofmann
Head of Christ—Hofmann
Head of Christ—Sallman

On the table with the triptych, or with a single picture, if desired, could be an open Bible and a blossoming plant.

Let's give each child a miniature triptych or mounted picture for his own room, to be used in his own private worship.

2. What about music? Let's sing and play together through the week some of the loved Easter hymns, such as "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today" and "The Strife Is O'er." Let's add a new carol to our "repertoire," such as "In Joseph's Lovely Garden." Let's sing songs about nature, as "This Is My Father's World" and "Fairest Lord Jesus," and songs about Jesus' life, as "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus." If we have a phonograph, let's collect a few records of Easter hymns, as well as a recording of "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" and "Hallelujah Chorus." Let's watch for programs of Easter music on the radio.

For years in our family, the first one awake on Easter morning has turned on the record of "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today," and the rest have awakened to its joyous music. The little ones do not understand the words, but they do feel the joy of the music, and the older ones thrill once again to the familiar reminder of the resurrection.

3. What about books? The Bible, of course, will be read, using various translations to obtain the richest possible interpretation. A good children's Bible should be used, too. For little children, Mary Alice Jones's book *Tell Me About Jesus* is valuable. With older children, we have found *Then I Think of God*, Niedermeyer, *As Day Begins* by Shields, and *Thoughts of God for Boys and Girls* to be helpful. The lesson leaflets from Sunday church school always tell the Easter story in a way which can be understood by the children.

4. What about worship? All of these plans have an element of worship about them, and perhaps our greatest contribution to the religious lives of our children will be the spirit of worship which is constantly the spirit of our homes at this time. But just as we plan to have an informal time of worship together on Christmas Eve, so let's plan a family "service" for early Sunday morning or Sunday night. One feature can be a litany of praise and joy developed through the week with everyone contributing. Or you may use the poems, prayers, Scripture and litany found on pages 24 and 25.

5. What about other activities? Let's help our children to share their Easter joy by carrying a plant to a friend or shut-in, or by having a plant in church. Let's walk together out-of-doors to see the beauties of God's world. Let's go to the library to look up the stories of the hymns we sing, or the origin of Easter traditions such as bunnies and eggs. Let's make simple greeting cards to send Easter messages to our friends. Above all, let's go to church together to enjoy as a family the lovely flowers, the beautiful music, and the thrilling Easter message.

Having done all this, or even a part of this, we can enjoy, too, the secular traditions that have grown up around Easter. But the eggs, the spring clothes, the Easter Bunny will be only secondary interests as we celebrate the season of resurrection in our Christian homes.

Thoughts at Easter

With song and cheer the Easter dawns,
Far gone the winter blast;
All hearts cast out their doubts and fears;
The storms and snows are part.
In faery gardens lilies wake
To bring their glad surprise;
Bright daffodils and hyacinths
Delight our eager eyes.

Now, who could doubt that God is true,
That earth is girt with love,
That immortality is sure—
That good gift from above?
At Easter, who could yield to grief
Or doubt that friends are true,
When beauty builds her April house
Hope's gladness to renew?

When April comes, faith has her fling;
When April comes, bright hopes take wing;
And he is blind who cannot say
"This is God's world!"—on Easter Day.

—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.



Fred's Photo.

Ruth, Lu Rae (behind Ruth), Donald, Mrs. Van Voorhis, and Earl Van Voorhis join in a game at Family Camp. A special time for such family play was provided each day.

The Van Voorhis' Acclaim

FAMILY CAMP

If you've ever been to camp, prepare to dream a little as you read these enthusiastic accounts of the newest kind of camp life.

By the Earl D. Van Voorhis Family

DID YOU ever go to family camp? We did, and it was a family experience we will never forget. If ever a dull moment creeps into the home life now, the quickest cure for it is to hear some one mention family camp. Faces immediately brighten and life acquires new zest.

We warmed up slowly to the idea of going to a family camp. We had been staunch supporters of our church's Intermediate camps and young people's conferences. We liked to do things as a family. We frequently enjoyed wiener roasts, hikes in the woods, fishing trips, camera jaunts, and even an occasional night at home around the carom board. We could not help but wonder if it

were possible that family camp could add anything to our own family life. However the let's-go-and-see spirit prevailed. We family camped and loved every bit of it. The young people all insisted at the end of the week that family camp was more fun than any conference or camp had ever been. They proved the sincerity of their claims in very reluctant good-byes. With glistening eyes, they wondered audibly if they would ever meet again.

But the other members of this family insist on speaking for themselves.

RUTH, age 12, writes to her friend who couldn't go.

Dear Bertha: I'm going to tell you about the family camp at Troy, Missouri this summer. The first thing I did was to find my home for the week. It was a cabin with six beds and places to put accessories. We made our beds, unpacked, and looked for friends.

Sunday, after breakfast, we had our youth class with Eugene Moore. Right after class we went to the main lodge, where with our parents we had church. We had communion which was simple but

beautiful. After church we had a family play period where our whole family would pick out a game and play it for an hour.

And at last lunch!

That night, just before taps, the young people played table tennis. Every night we had a bottle of pop or a candy bar. Each meal a different family would have a short worship service. Every other breakfast we had a different table. They all have names. My favorite was the "Cliff-Dwellers."

I took some swell pictures with my baby-brownie camera. Some were even better than Dad's, but not many.

It rained only on Monday, but we built a fire in the fireplace, got smoked out.

At night we had singing games, played table tennis and checkers. In the afternoon we had a big swim. It was a lovely pool. The deepest part was nine feet with a wonderful diving board. Some of us had inner tubes. Every day members of the youth group helped "Ricky" Watkins lifeguard. I got to help on Friday. More fun!

LU RAE, sixteen, reports . . .
The best place any one can go

to learn to understand and have fun with one's own family is family camp. Of course, we had classes in the morning and play periods at night with friends of our own age.

With the family we selected a spot under the trees for games chosen from a supply provided by the Starn family. Never was there a dull moment from the pleasant strains of "Cruising Down the River" in the morning to taps at night.

After an invigorating walk to breakfast, we enjoyed the comforts of the cheery fires in the lodge and in the mess hall. After breakfast we all met in an assembly for announcements and plans for the day. Then off we went down the woodsy trails to our classes. Every class had a good instructor, but we especially liked our Eugene Moore. Since this was family camp, the next meeting was with our own family for a period of fun.

The most inspiring part of the day was Vespers directed by Russell Harrison. Every night he would ask some family to assist in the service. At the close we reverently left the Vesper grounds to go to the main lodge where we

joined in an evening program of vital interest to all of us, planned by our director, Mr. Montgomery. When bedtime came we were ready, always anticipating another full and enjoyable day on the morrow.

DONALD, also sixteen, says . . .

Family camp was a new experience to all. We entered the campgrounds, according to central standard time, an hour late for supper! It was a long winding road, surely camp was just around the next corner. But not until a good many next corners did we pull our eager selves in. After supper which they had saved for us, we had a get-acquainted period. It struck me how friendly everyone was. They made me feel more at home than any place I had ever been away from home. It was "how-do-you-do" until we were all friends.

There were thirteen of us in our youth class. We stuck together whenever family hours didn't interfere. My folks commented on this after we had left camp. They said because of the fewer numbers we became closer friends. This was one of the outstanding things about camp.

One of the major catastrophes for the parents was the soft-ball game. They challenged us but we nosed them out in the last inning, nine to six.

Another reason I enjoyed camp was the duties I had. I was the bugler and also helped "Ricky" Watkins in lifeguarding and archery. I think everyone has more interest in things if he himself is taking part in them.

I liked our morning classes too, because our leader helped us find our places in family life. It made me appreciate my parents more.

I'll see you in family camp *this* year!

MRS. VAN VOORHIS, age ?? (less since family camp), says . . .

With no dishes to wash, no meals to plan and the children cared for in their own age group, Mother had time for classes, crafts, and fun too.

What fun to play games, to hike and swim together, to worship and



Fred's Photo.

A morning camp class where parents studied Christian nurture in the home, and church-family relationships.

make new friends! The atmosphere of the entire week of this out-door experience was filled with happy concern for each other. A miniature world! We expressed thoughts of the whole world living under these conditions even for an hour.

We studied together. The children discovered Jesus' way of sharing and helping in the home. We adults studied Christian nurture in our homes, also about re-organizing the church's program to include a major emphasis on family participation and its ministry to newly-weds, at the arrival of a new baby, etc.

The Bible class each morning developed into a most gratifying experience for us who hadn't been students in a Bible class for years.

We played together. Quiet games were played to use in our homes and group games with big and little taking turns. We marveled at the number of games in which all participated. The little folk felt important and we shared in their delight.

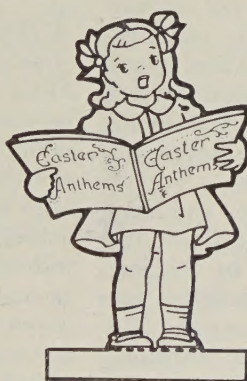
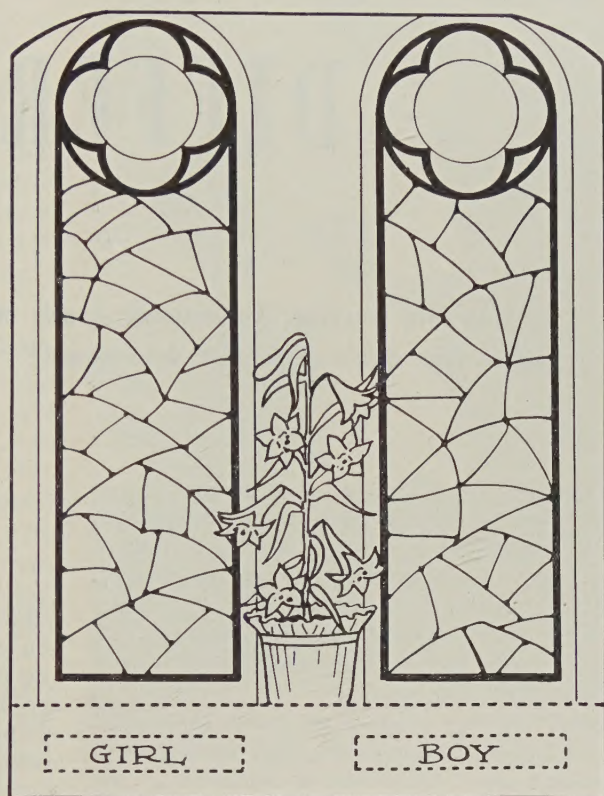
We made things to wear, a leather belt for Daddy, a pin for Mother, or earrings for sister. Some of us made trays from leaf molds, stained-glass worship screens, and even a name plate for a church library back home.

We worshiped together. We felt God's love and care for families. Families went apart each evening for an Angelus hour. Families participated in the vesper services in special music litanies and scripture. Families took turns in preparing the grace at mealtimes.

Each day was a happy experience filled with countless moments of lasting memory. We felt at times as Gary Rowlen, age 6, expressed for us as we walked a mossy sun-flecked path, "This makes me feel so quiet inside."

We all have been trying to say that family camp is fun plus. The full, but not too full, schedule did provide lots of the best kind of fun imaginable. However the plus factor kept the fun in fine balance and sent us home more appreciative of the importance of the Christian home and better fitted to help in the building of Christian homes.

An Easter Gift to Make



VERNA
GRISIER
MCCULLY

By Verna Grisier McCully

YOU can make a pretty Easter picture of the little boy and the little girl singing. Color the windows in bright colors. Make the different shapes in the glass in different colors. Use red, yellow, green, and blue. Color the wall light green or light blue. Leave the lilies white. Make the leaves dark green. The paper around the flower pot can be bright yellow.

The girl can have yellow or brown hair. You might give her a pink dress and blue hair ribbons. The boy could have dark green or dark blue trousers, and a yellow tie. Color the shoes brown or black.

Cut out the boy and girl. Bend the standards back, along the dotted lines under their feet. Then bend the floor forward along the dotted line below the windows. Stand the little boy where it says BOY. Stand the little girl where it says GIRL. This will make a pretty decoration for Easter. It is a nice present to give to a shut-in friend, or some child in a hospital.

Let Him Be

DIFFERENT

Parents too often cram children into warping, disheartening moulds of behavior. How just are you in guiding your child's personality development?

By Frances Dunlap Heron

WHEN I was a child, I didn't live on the wrong side of town—I simply lived clear *outside* of town—which meant that I was a country kid. Some of the town kids in high school, however, overlooked my rural status sufficiently to invite me to join their Sunshine Girls Club. Great was my jubilation at being invited to their homes after school to play rook and to enjoy cookies and cocoa.

But one secret burden weighed me down, especially when the talk turned to where the club should meet next. I couldn't say, "Come out to my house." It was too far for the girls to walk out and back. Even if transportation difficulties were solved, my mother was not the type who could take company casually. There would have been hours of deliberation about moving the parlor stove out, getting the ice from the icehouse, and interrupting my father's chore schedule to change his clothes for the guests. We never got around to entertaining the Sunshine Girls.

I made a vow to myself. "When I marry and have children, I shall have open house at all times for their friends. 'Bring them home' will be the key word." Some years later when I did establish my own home, my husband was of the same accord. We even blueprinted a recreation room in the basement and talked about how when the children were entertaining in the living room he and I would disappear into an upstairs room.

But are we overrun with crowds? No! The ping-pong table in the basement collects dust. An occasional dinner guest—usually at my suggestion—is all the children care for. Seventeen-year-old Marion Sue, the quiet, poetic type, could cheerfully go through life without ever joining a club. Alfred, age fifteen, must continually be surrounded by a gang—but it's a gang that uses home only as a stopover between car rides, swimming and open air movies. For our tomboy, fourteen-year-old Eleanor, the favorite garb is jeans and the preferred setting the neighborhood sandlot except when she is glued to the neighbor's television. Nine-year-old Donald peoples his world with imaginary cowboys, baseball players and politicians, represented in turn by his collection of stuffed animals, and plays alone for hours.

Faced with reality so different from your dreams, you can do but one thing—smile. The worst thing you can possibly do is to moan, "When I was your age, how I would have appreciated this!" The offspring simply look at you with a mixture of tolerant amusement and sympathy for that ancient condition that was your childhood.

THE FIRST rule you can put down is that neither your Junior nor Mary Lou is going to be exactly like Papa or Mama or like each other. No book on child psychology can turn an introspective, serious temperament into the life of the party or the tempestuous spitfire into a demure, serene disposition. Wise guidance may help to bring out or control certain characteristics, but basically we are all born with certain individual temperaments and aptitudes. And to try to make them over is certain to cause pain and disappointment. Anyway, why should anybody want a world—or even a family—in which everyone was alike? Imagine how monotonous it would be if *all* your associates were comedians or perfect housekeepers—or even writers!

Books and articles galore have been written on this subject of individual differences. Speakers at PTA's develop the topic with approving nods from their audiences. Yet in spite of all this tacit admittance of the facts, too many parents and teachers and friends and neighbors go right on acting as though all children should fit into the same mold.

There's the young mother who takes her two-year-old Tommy to the beach, sure that he will just love the water. Instead, Tommy kicks and holds on to Mama every time they go near the ripples. What does Mama say? She looks over at another little boy, the same size as Tommy, and she says first pleadingly, then accusingly, "Look at that little boy paddling in the water. *He's* not crying. *He's* acting like a big boy."

Equally unfair is the father who demands of a conscientious student daughter, "Susie, why don't you get 100 in spelling the way that little Schultz girl does?"

How children must despise "that little boy" or "that little girl!"

Even more odious are the comparisons within the family itself. Particularly unfortunate is the younger child whose older brother or sister has made an outstanding record in school. "Oh, you're Jack Wilson's brother," the teacher gushes as she looks at a registration card. "I know you'll be wonderful in art!" (Poor younger brother can't draw a conclusion!)

ELIGIBLE for unhappiness also is the less beautiful of a pair of sisters. Many parents frequently buy nicer clothes for the pretty one because she sets them off so well. Strangers introduced to the two girls remark meaningly, "They don't look a bit alike, do they?" Then if the straight-haired, plain sister happens to have also a cherubic little brother with golden curls, she listens for years to remarks from everyone from grandmother to the garbage collector, "Isn't it a shame the boy got the curls and the girl the straight hair?"

Many a child suffers because he feels that he isn't living up to the brilliant past of his parents. If Dad keeps talking about the good old varsity days when he almost beat the Olympic running record and shows visitors the high school athletic cup he won as top man at G. H. S., Junior gets the idea that he, too, should excel in athletics. Dad's worried frown when Junior fails to make the team causes Junior to feel that he is a failure.

Likewise a mother who was class valedictorian can be a distinct burden to a sensitive child not endowed with Mama's I.Q. "Of course I expect you to be on the honor roll." "You could make A if you tried." "How could a child of mine want to be a stenographer?" "Why, when I was your age—"

YOU ARE indeed a rare person if at one time or another you have not been guilty of some of these common faults, either toward your own child or somebody else's. Even if you've succeeded in keeping still, you have thought and felt some of these things.

Looking at ourselves honestly, we find two explanations for our attitude toward our children's talents and characteristics. First, we want a child who shines because he flatters our own ego; he makes us proud of ourselves for having produced him. Second, we set a standard of values depending on our own likes and dislikes, for example, skill at arithmetic is better than patience; a poem a greater achievement than a perfect chocolate cake; curly hair prettier than straight. It is, therefore, frequently we ourselves who need changing instead of our youngsters.

The first realization that will save many a parent heartache and disillusionment is this: most likely your child isn't a genius—and neither is your neigh-



H. Armstrong Roberts.
Billy may or may not have a pitching arm like Dad.
He may or may not be musical like Mother. As an individual he has a right to be different.

bor's. If Mrs. White's two-year-old is reciting "The Night Before Christmas" when your Margie, three months older, confines herself chiefly to Ma-ma and Da-da, don't be alarmed. The two children simply are developing at a different rate, which is no indication of their native endowment. You want proof? All right, what happens to all those "smart-as-a-whip" babies? They grow into ordinary everyday citizens. If they were all as brilliant as their relatives think they are, they would transform the world in one generation! The baby who doesn't want to go into the water may be a champion swimmer twenty years from now. He just isn't ready as soon as "that other little boy."

Some individualistic manifestations are only a phase of development, best ignored. Our Alfred, now the teen-age social lion, used to cry every time he got a party invitation when he was six. Of course, if some eccentricities continue to linger, you can always tell your friends that Davie is just like your great-great-uncle who helped Robert Fulton invent the steamboat. The "different" people in the world provide it with spice.

ON THE matter of physical attractiveness, parents must take special effort to build up the confidence of the less handsome or robust. Every child has some good point to play up—pretty eyes, good posture, nice teeth. He can be taught that good grooming, inner

(Continued on page 46.)

The LONGEST NIGHT

A Story by

Gertrude West

EVER SINCE Grandpa had died, Mary Ella had had that awful feeling about death.

Up till then she'd never thought of it at all. If Papa and Mamma took her to a funeral it was just another place where you dressed up in your best and sat still in church like meeting.

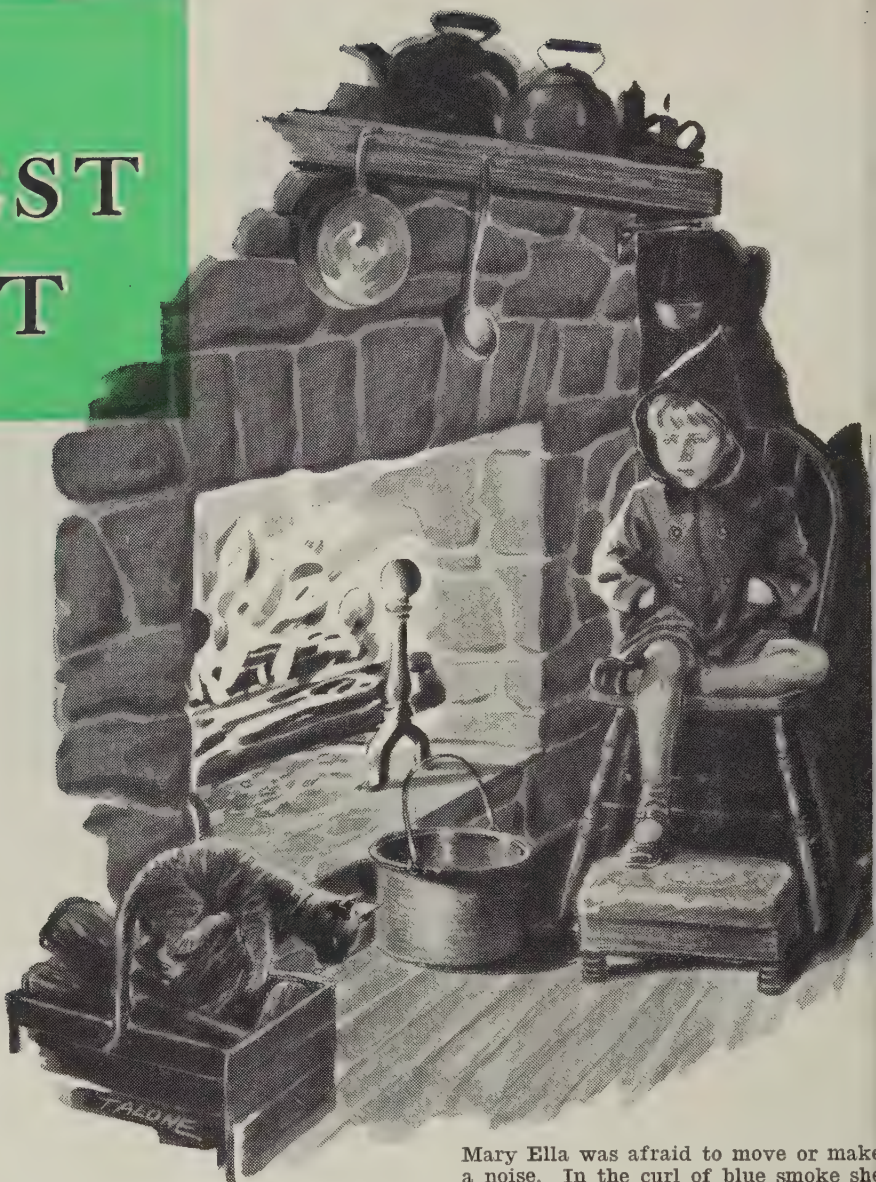
But that night when Mamma had called her out of bed and told her to dress in a hurry, had changed things.

There'd been the long ride in the wagon, the still house that Papa called the home place, where Grandpa and Grandma lived, lit up like Christmas and yet so different, with everybody crying.

And they'd taken her in to see Grandpa.

That shrunken shell, lying frozen there, was not the small neat chuckling old man Mary Ella knew.

Death had done something terrible to Grandpa and that night it did something to Mary Ella, too.



Mary Ella was afraid to move or make a noise. In the curl of blue smoke she could see the "Grim Reaper" again.

"She's a queer child," Mamma said every now and then. "Why, when I was little, I played house with the neighbor girls or wood tag and hide and go seek. But Mary Ella doesn't. She prowls round the cow paths hunting lions or else she's half a dozen people taking a train trip or maybe a milliner selling hats to society folks. She goes everywhere but at home for her games. It's like, in her mind, that she didn't live on Windy Prairie at all."

And mostly Mary Ella didn't. When she was just Mary Ella lying upstairs in her warm bed with the dark all around and the katydids rasping and a square of deep sky and stars where her window

was, she thought about Grandpa. Something terrible had happened once, here on Windy Prairie. It could happen again.

But out there in the places her storybook told about, things just went pleasantly on from one day to the next. Mostly, when she was alone, Mary Ella lived in those places, because she was afraid to stay at home.

Mary Ella had a dozen or more dolls. Every Christmas or birthday she wanted another doll. She didn't like small families. Her Papa sat down with his paper and Mamma got out her crocheting. Silence came into the room so big that it scared Mary Ella. It was

a friendly silence, pricked now and then by a word from Papa or a bubble of laugh from Mamma but Mary Ella didn't like any kind of silence.

Her happiest times were when she stayed all night at Uncle Fane's three miles down the road where there was cousin Allen who was sixteen and Belle and Lottie almost Mary Ella's own age and little Arthur who, though he was three, you could still pick up and cuddle like he was a baby.

Mary Ella loved babies. When you held them you knew you were very close to someone. There was no room for loneliness when a baby was cuddled up warm and tight against you. They were better than kittens or even the little wet-nosed sniveling puppy Father had brought her from Mr. Snow's.

That cold November night before Mary Ella went to sleep she'd been looking out at the sharp frosty stars and traveling with two other good woodsmen behind a dogsled up through the frozen north. There'd been hunting stories beside a bright camp fire and she'd gone to sleep with the friendly muttering of the Huskies and the snap of the burning branches close beside her. So she came out of pleasant, adventurous dreams when someone shook her sharply awake.

IT WAS COLD when Mamma threw back the covers. Even the rag rug by the bed couldn't keep Mary Ella's toes from curling with the cold and her teeth clicked together, partly from shivering, partly from the excitement of being waked in the middle of that clear November night with the thin noon silver bright in the west.

"But, why, Mamma?" she begged. "It's cold and I'm sleepy."

Mamma didn't tell her why. "You dress and put on your shoes, Mary Ella, and your coat and hood. We're going to your Uncle

Fane's." And she spanked the door shut and Mary Ella heard her feet clipping down the stairs, almost running.

Mary Ella began to shake. Shivers went all over her, through her fingers till her ribbed cotton stockings snarled up.

Somebody was dead. Somebody down at Uncle Fane's was lying on the bed looking still and frozen the way Grandpa had looked. Only then it was spring and frogs were booming and the air had the smell of wild plum.

Now it was all going to happen again. The lamp was lit downstairs. Mary Ella heard the rattle of wheels in the frozen lane. Papa was driving the team and the spring wagon up to the kitchen door.

Mamma had on her coat and fascinator and a roll of something under her arm. She looked tight-lipped and sober and she said:

"Hurry, Mary Ella, run out and let Papa help you into the wagon while I blow out the light and lock the door."

Mary Ella ran out. Papa looked sober, too, in the moonlight and the horses and wagon stood up tall with long black shadows lying behind them.

And the prairie seemed sort of white and unearthly with frost, while off on the edge of it, a dog was barking, like something ugly was going by in the night.

Mary Ella curled down into the hay in the back of the wagon and let Papa tuck the quilt around her. It was warm like a tent and only her nose sticking out of her hood and her cheeks felt the still cold that all at once made them hard and red like winter apples.

She looked up and the stars were so frosty bright they seemed to splinter and blaze in the deep, dark sky.

Out on the road Papa clucked the horses into a trot. The wagon jolted over the frozen ruts bouncing Mary Ella round in the back like the rubber ball the children played with at school.

The hay was soft and springy and most times she'd have liked

the bouncing and the cold air stirred by the trotting horses. But tonight the steam of the horses' breath looked like the picture of "Death, the Grim Reaper," she'd seen in a book, just a cloudy white shape with skeleton hands and the face of a skull.

She crawled as close as she could get to Papa and Mamma till she could smell the faint good smell of wool and moth balls that was Mamma's coat and then she shut her eyes and didn't open them till the wagon stopped.

THERE was a carriage at Uncle Fane's gate with two black horses blanketed to keep out the cold.

Grandma came to the door holding the lamp and Mamma ran up the steps saying something low Mary Ella couldn't hear. Then Mamma threw off her wraps and followed Grandma out of the room.

The big kitchen was warm and Mary Ella sat down by the fire.

It wasn't Grandma. That was something to be glad about. Somehow she'd thought it must be Grandma because it had been Grandpa before. And it wasn't Uncle Fane because he came in and stood by the fireplace.

His face was solemn and pale, too, and his mustache looked like two black wings across it.

Then he went out and Mary Ella was alone.

She had kept on her coat and hood and she was hot and bangs felt sticky and damp on her forehead and her hands in her red mittens were damp and sticky, too, but she didn't take them off. She was afraid to move and make a noise. In the curl of blue smoke she could see the "Grim Reaper" again.

Her feet went to sleep. They were like two blocks of wood on the round of her chair but she couldn't stamp them and when she wiggled her toes a little, they tingled till she stopped and let them get numb again.

SHE KEPT listening. There were queer sounds in that house. Once she heard a muffled sort of

cry and two tears ran down her cheeks and she put her head down on the kitchen table till the salt water got into her chapped lip and smarted like fire.

Other nights when she had visited at Uncle Fane's, Belle and Lottie, her cousins, and she had all slept in one big bed under the friendly low roof of the upstairs room.

Now she had a lonesome feeling thinking of the big feather bed where they'd giggled themselves to sleep.

Right now she could open that door in the corner and run up the steep stairs and jump from the last step right into the big wooden bed. But tonight she was afraid.

Maybe it was Belle or Lottie.

Then something sharpened its claws and the cat crawled out of the wood box.

Mary Ella remembered that when Grandpa had died someone had whispered something about cats. So she made herself get up and put the cat out and she could see a lantern down at the barn and hear Papa and Uncle Fane talking and the rustle of oats being emptied into a feedbox.

Her tongue felt dry and thick and she tiptoed over and got a drink out of the tin dipper. Then she went back to her chair by the fire. She was so sleepy her head would nod and she'd slip down in a huddle and then she'd jump awake, hearing something, seeing Grandpa.

Then the lamp went out. It had been burning red with the rank smell of coal oil for quite a while and at last it burned down and went out smoking.

Mary Ella was in the dark except for the fire.

She slipped back and opened the door again but the lantern was gone from the barn now and there was no sound. Only out there on the prairie a coyote barked and Uncle Fane's old hound sat up in the moonlit yard and put up his long nose and howled.

Mary Ella began to shake again and this time she couldn't stop.

She sat by the fire and had a chill. She'd cried until she breathed in little hiccoughs. After a while she cried herself to sleep.

She slept, cramped on the kitchen chair with her head on the table and dreamed awful dreams—

THEN SHE was warm again and the gray light of morning was coming through the windows and Grandma was crumbling some dry leaves into water over the snapping fire.

"God love you, Mary Ella," she said. "Everybody forgot you last night. You should have run upstairs to bed with Fane's girls."

Mary Ella reached out and shut her fingers round a fold of the familiar starch calico of Grandma's skirt.

It was like taking hold of something safe and warm after cold misery.

"Grandma," she whispered, "Grandma, who's dead?"

"Dead?" Grandma said. She looked at Mary Ella startled for a minute; then in her keen old eyes there bloomed something twinkling and soft like a flower in winter.

"My soul, but grown folks are dumb!" she said. "Might know if they don't *tell* children, children will hatch something up!"

Her wrinkled hand was like a dry leaf on Mary Ella's cheek. "Nobody's dead, Honey. Doctor just brought your Aunt Teen a new baby."

"A new baby!" Mary Ella said. A new baby at Uncle Fane's house! She had a sudden ecstatic thought of holding it warm and damp and nuzzling against her neck.

All that long night when she had thought someone was dying it had been just a little new baby coming to Aunt Teen.

"I didn't know it was so much alike," she said, wonderingly, "dying and getting born."

The sharp smell of steeping catnip filled the kitchen.

"Why, yes," said Grandma wisely, "they're both just part of life."

Mary Ella's blue eyes were wide and far off and dreamy. All at once the terror was gone. There was only a gentle mystery with a beginning and an end. And suddenly the memory of Grandpa's face faded into the back of her mind—just the face of a tired old man asleep.

Birthstones

Helen Houston Boileau

This is an old "rib tickler" but still fun. See if you can get the correct number from Column 2 in the parentheses after the numbers in Column 1. Ought to get 9 of these at least.

Column 1

- 1—Laundress -----()
- 2—Motorist -----()
- 3—Architect -----()
- 4—Editor -----()
- 5—Cook -----()
- 6—Soldier -----()
- 7—Politician -----()
- 8—Beauty model -----()
- 9—Policeman -----()
- 10—Thief -----()

Column 2

- 1—bloodstone
- 2—soapstone
- 3—keystone
- 4—puddingstone
- 5—peachstone
- 6—milestone
- 7—pavingstone
- 8—cornerstone
- 9—blarneystone
- 10—grindstone

(Answers on page 44.)

How to

GREET A STORK

Those long months before the baby comes call for rearranging some living habits. Here are suggestions for your comfort and peace of mind.

By **Bernard Ikeler**

A LONG-AWAITED letter has arrived. It begins: "At last! A boy! Seven pounds, two ounces!"

Most of the letter is punctuated with exclamation points, a fact for which the postscript apologizes. Of course, there was no need for apology. Who could fail to understand?

And who could fail to understand "At last!"—a fine, long sigh of relief? Certainly no one who has gone through the months of waiting, either as wife or as husband.

Expectant parenthood, even at best, is an uneasy state. So much is at stake, and the odds—however good—are unpredictable. So, all too often, expectant parenthood becomes a period of jumpy nerves, tangled emotions, unfortunate remarks. In short, a home-front cold war.

Can it be otherwise? Can the tensions be kept at a minimum? Can the months before the baby arrives be made a period for creating family unity, not disunity? Can expectant parenthood become a time of mental and spiritual growth on the part of both husband and wife?

Certainly! Common sense and self-control, together with the application of one or two Christian



Monkmeyer

Pinney

She's no small reward for patience and common sense during the months preceding her birth. Any mother will tell you that.

truths, will turn the trick in all but the most unusual of circumstances.

Let's assume you're a parent-to-be, and want a code of conduct. What rules might be worthy of your consideration?

Rule 1. **Get—and follow—expert advice.**

Obviously, you will want to avail yourself of the best medical knowledge. Obstetricians have made amazing progress within the last generation. They have cut maternal death rate from .8% in 1920 to .2% in 1945; they have cut infant death rate by a similar proportion.

Currently, both care-of-mother and care-of-child are getting careful study. (Indeed, care-of-father is receiving humane consideration!) Ask your doctor to tell you about the latest developments.

Speaking of father. Unless he earns well above \$5,000 a year, he probably needs expert advice, too.

How much will the new member of the family cost? Figure C.O.D. charge; add expense of postnatal care; include price of bottles, nipples, diapers, talcum. . . . The father-to-be might do well to have a long chat with his banker!

Then, having collected expert knowledge and having acted upon it, stop. Don't go on to gather worry material. In matters of medicine or finance, any question that lies beyond the realm of expert knowledge, is also beyond the realm of useful thought. So forget it.

Rule 2. **Work out a new allocation of labor.**

Doctors no longer put prospective motherhood on a satin cushion. Housework—what with modern gadgets—is now considered good exercise and a fine means of siphoning off excess imagination. But modern medicine does *not* deny that housework is *work*.

Consequently, the family council should be called into special session. Household labor has to be redistributed, particularly during the first three and the last three months. The prospective mother must avoid excessive lifting, undue stretching—in a word, overwork. So the prospective father must take over certain household tasks.

He need not, however, take over everything. His doing so will put family temper on a bed of thorns. He'll feel imposed upon, and his wife will feel left out of things. Far better if both husband and wife continue to share responsibility—he doing an increased number of the heavy tasks, she doing more of the light but time-consuming jobs.

The Smiths, for example, have worked out a wise division of labor for their prospective months. Bob Smith, a sculptor, must keep an elaborate file of pictures and photos, as well as carry on a large correspondence. During pregnancy, Mary Smith takes over the clerical department, and Bob reciprocates by doing the laundry.

The Joneses have a similar scheme. It happens that Betty Jones can't stand cooking odors when she's prospective. So she puts things on the stove but doesn't turn on the heat. When Jim Jones comes home from the stone quarry he owns, he cooks and serves the dinner. In return, Betty helps him keep his business accounts.

You can work out a comparable arrangement. It will keep your house beautiful—and family morale clean and bright.

Rule 3. **Plan creative recreation.**

Strenuous sports—including dinner parties for 50 friends—are out. Movie and theater seats have become fairly uncomfortable. Driving the car is too nerve-wracking, and even riding in the car is tiring. What to do?

Come, now! You're not going to let yourself lapse into boredom so easily, are you? Here's the time for a bit of mental growth. Dig into the big books you bought before you were married, but never man-

aged to read all the way through. Let yourself get interested in a high-brow magazine.

Actually, you'll find that your new stake in the future has heightened your insight into, and your concern over, the profundities. You'll discover that, after all these years, you're finally becoming adult. Take advantage of the situation—for, let's face it, the urge and the opportunity don't occur too often.

You can't, of course, spend all your spare time in reading. Well, what about music? Hath it charms in fact as well as in fiction? And can you draw a cat? A rabbit? A pig? Junior is going to mistake you for an artist some day—better get into condition!

Finally, improve your fireside chats. You've time now for something more than a hasty exchange of monosyllables. Let conversation weed out the fears and nourish the hopes. Talk is cheap; on the other hand, it's valuable.

Rule 4. **Draw upon spiritual forces.**

"When I hold my son in my hands (he's so little, he just fits into two hands) I get the strangest, most exalted feeling."

"In the beginning was the Word."

Beginnings—whether the birth of a universe or the birth of a child—are mysterious, marvelous . . . miraculous. In a sense, all beginnings are a single wondrous phenomenon, and man's power to procreate is simply an aspect of God's power to create.

Prospective parents, then, are quite right in feeling that they are caught up in a holy scheme. Quite properly, they want to learn more about the spiritual forces that move in them and around them. Wisely, they wish to align themselves with God.

Time-tested means are at hand. The Bible is an account of man's attempts at adjustment with God, and of God's helping those attempts. Meditation and prayer are instruments for discovering the details of the divine plan.

Through such resources, you can find an end to the sense of aloneness and inadequacy prospective parents feel. You can discover the beginning of mental security—freedom from tension. You can find the source of exalted parenthood.

OBVIOUSLY, the foregoing code is a sketch, not a blueprint. You yourself will have to work out the details.

Just as it ought to be. For you don't want too much advice. You want to do your own planning. You want to use your own store of family know-how. You want to make decisions that fit your particular household. After all, it really *is* your baby!

So get started. Recruit your intelligence, your self-control, your spiritual resources. Organize the home-front for better partnership and harmony. Plan for growth in mind and soul.

You know, it may not be simple chance that you've been given some nine months' advance notice.



CHILDREN'S BEHAVIOUR at the MEETING HOUSE

DECENTLY walk to thy Seat or Pew; run not, nor go wantonly.

Shift not Seats, but continue in the Place where your Superiours order you.

Lend thy Place for the easing of any one that stands near thee.

Talk not in the Meeting House, especially in the Time of Prayer or Preaching.

Fix thine Eye on the Minister, let it not wildly wander to gaze on any Person or Thing.

Attend diligently to the Words of the Minister: pray with him when he prayeth, at least in thy Heart; and while he preacheth, listen, that thou mayest remember.

Be not hasty to run out of the Meeting House when the Worship is ended, as if thou wert weary of being there.

Walk decently and soberly Home, without Haste or Wantonness; thinking upon what you have been hearing.

This old woodcut is an adaptation of that issued in 1744 by John Newberry in "A Little Pretty Pocket Book," "Intended for the Instruction and Amusement of Little Master Tommy, and Pretty Miss Polly."¹

TODAY'S children go to church under circumstances widely contrasted with those of the Colonial child of 200 years ago. Then, no choice was given—the child was expected to go and sit on hard pews through the long service in an unheated church.

Yet, these old rules of behavior are not entirely amiss—strict as they seem. They give us pause and make us ask a few pertinent questions: At what age should parents hope their children will begin to go to church? What should we expect of children in the way of conduct in church? Do children of today learn to understand and appreciate the church service?

In the last analysis, the attitude of the family decides the matter of church going for the child. The church school may prepare the child for understanding of the service. The pastor may conduct classes in discipleship and church membership and the children may confess their allegiance to Christ and join the church, but it will be the unusual child who will go to church unless he feels the encouragement and sees the example of his father and mother and other older members of his family.

What is the attitude of your family toward church-going? Is it the natural, almost "taken-for-granted"

¹Used by permission of Virginia and Douglas Adair, artists.

When Is "OLD ENOUGH" for Church?

The matter of when to take your child into the church service is highly controversial. Here are some principles to help you decide the issue for your children.

By Jean Louise Smith

thing to do? Do you go happily, without arguing or fuss?

Young children are quick to sense adult attitudes towards matters such as church attendance. They will look forward to being old enough to go if they know their parents enjoy going.

ADULT CRITICISM of the church is easily absorbed by children. Watch yourself! The unkind word concerning the minister, the quick judgment of the sermon or a disparaging remark about the choir, is heard by young ears and influences a child's total attitude toward the church.

Parents frequently ask at what age a child should first be taken to church. It is impossible to answer this question dogmatically because it depends on the individual child. Some are more mature than others and seem to reach out for spiritual understanding at an early age. In general, it is doubtful if a child younger than eight or nine should be expected to attend the entire church service.

Where churches provide an expanded session the child will be better off to stay in his own class or department where the experiences and vocabulary are childlike and where he can have a part in planning and participating in the worship. There, he feels, is his church. When he is taken to church school regularly by his parents, knowing they are in their own class and worship service; when he enjoys happy experiences with others his own age; he is building a real foundation for enjoying the adult church service later in his life.

Many religious educators and parents will disagree with this. They will say that a child should go to church whether he understand the service and sermon or not. They believe that he must start to go

early in life to form a habit which, they hope, will last a lifetime.

Actually, no one can be sure that a childhood "habit," such as church going, will last throughout life. Many factors may break this habit, as we all know. It would seem sounder, both from the viewpoint of psychology and education, to say that church-going must spring from an inner desire and need. This can be motivated in part by a gradual process of helping the child understand the church service, to feel he is part of it and to associate pleasant and helpful experiences with it. We cannot expect a child to come to these experiences and attitudes unless we help him get started. They are not developed "out of the blue."

This may be done in the expanded session through a discussion in his group; through visits to the church when the minister can explain some of the practices of worship. These experiences, added to the influence of the parents' example and the attitude of the family lead children to the most meaningful kind of "going to church" at an age when they can take part in the service.

So watch your family attitude toward the church as your first step. Talk about the church, the minister, and the service, happily, sincerely and with reverence. Then start slowly with the young child. Before you take him to church on Sunday morning, talk informally with him about why we have churches and how people who love God and Jesus like to go to church to think about God their Father, sing hymns of praise, pray, read the Bible and hear the teacher and the minister explain and teach.

If your church does not provide an expanded session for the children and you take them with you to the adult church service, tell the child what church will be like—explaining that when we go to church we are very quiet so that we may think about God and listen to the music. Being quiet is one of the ways we ask God to be near to us, you can explain.

Take your child into the church before you take him to the service. Perhaps he has gone into the church with his church school class. If so, find out what the children did and learned. Refer to this experience and review it by perhaps looking at the stained glass windows, the organ, and the wood or stone carvings. An acquaintance with the place

where the service is held will help the child feel at home in the church.

Let him meet the minister. If he knows the minister and if he learns something of what his work is, he will not be surprised to see his friend in the pulpit. Some church school classes make it a point to give the children opportunities to become acquainted with the minister. The family can build on this initial experience.

The first times you go to church with your child, plan to attend just part of the service. Help him find his place in the hymnal. Encourage him to join in the service, but leave before he gets tired.

After church and during the week, discuss the service, showing both interest and appreciation. It will help considerably if you go over the printed order of service, or, if your church does not print this, recall each step. Discuss how the call to worship helps start people thinking about God and reminding them that they have come to worship Him. Read the Scripture lesson again and talk about its meaning. Play and sing one or two of the hymns as a family group. Express appreciation for the choir, mentioning the music they sang that particular Sunday.

Look up the responsive reading if it is within the scope of the child's understanding, and read it again with the child taking part, first explaining that this is one of the ways people have joined together in worship ever since the days of the early church. Look for all the various ways the people have a part in the service: through singing hymns, responses, and prayers.

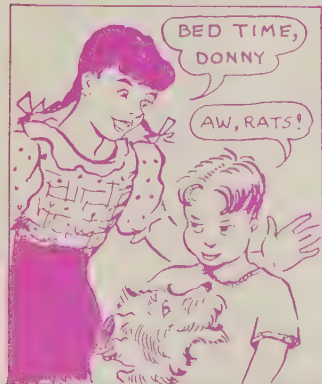
Discuss how we may enter into worship in our minds and hearts even when the minister or the choir is leading, or the organist is playing. Explain that at these times the people join in the worship silently, for we do not need to speak aloud to worship God.

It is well that for the first year or two of church attendance the child should become acquainted with the service of worship, because the sermon is, of necessity, keyed to adults. Our Protestant churches have been inclined to center considerable attention on the sermon, thinking of it as the most vital part of worship. If the sermon is not what we think it should be, we are disappointed with the service.

(Continued on page 45.)

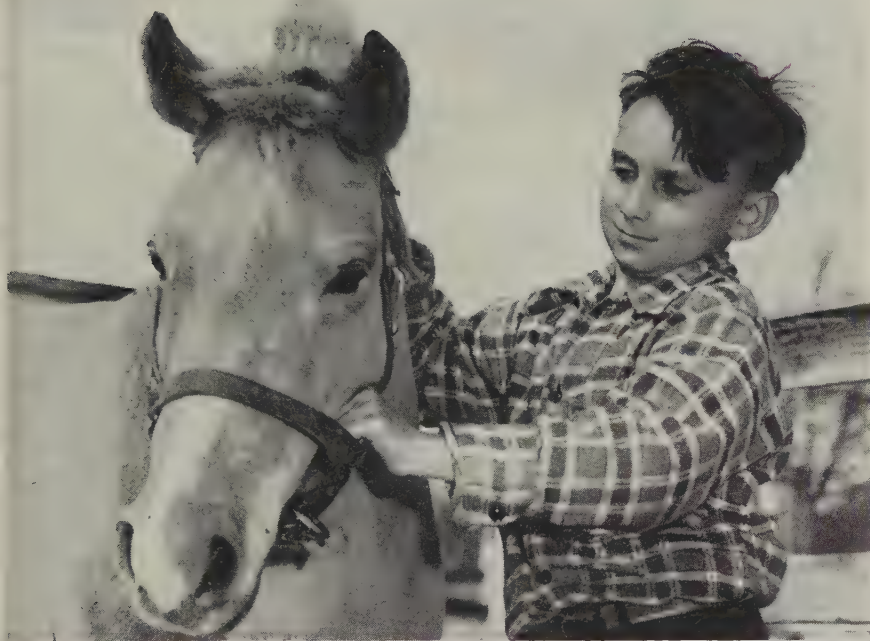
Sis

By Hilda K. Watkins



Our Country's HEART

By Anna Laura Gebhard



—R.N.S.

Except for parsonage homes, the farm homes of America send more sons and daughters into full-time Christian service than any other. Intimate association with the creatures of God's world deepens their understanding of God's wisdom and care.

FORTUNATE is the one family in every five that lives on the farm in our country. They live close to the natural resources which nourish and sustain the physical life of all our people. They also live close to the natural resources of the spiritual world. The man who stands on the broad fields and the fertile plains and sees the land stretch out to the horizon often develops a sense of perspective denied to others. The boy who lives in the foothills of the Rockies and who grows up judging his stature by the magnitude of the mountains has a different outlook from the boy who has been surrounded only by man-made wonders.

It is not by chance that a large proportion of the seers and prophets of all ages have lived close to the country's heart. Moses was herding sheep in the desert when he saw the flaming bush and became conscious of the presence of God. David spent many nights under the open stars and many days beneath the blazing sun before he sang, "The heavens declare the glory of God," and "He leadeth me beside the still waters." Jesus knew well the farmer's life, and spoke often of the farmer, the seed, and the soil. Saint Francis of Assisi felt an intimate at-oneness with the wind and sun, the birds and creatures of the natural world which deepened his under-

standing of the infinite wisdom and care of his heavenly Father.

And today, the farm homes of America send more sons and daughters into full-time Christian service than any other group of homes, except the parsonage homes of the nation.

Moreover, the Bible is a countryman's book. It speaks in a particular way to the farm family, because it speaks so much of the things they understand. The farm boy knows what it means to care for the sheep, and the farm girl has watched the yeast at work in bread. And many rural neighborhoods where every family helps the other in times of distress and where they all rejoice together in times of celebration, know in an intimate way what Paul referred to when he spoke of the "fellowship of love."

HOWEVER, a farmer may live on a farm with productive soil and be surrounded by abundant natural resources and yet may fail to grow good crops. Perhaps he does not know the best methods of farming or perhaps he is careless about the use of his land. The fault is not in nature but in man.

Likewise, a family may live close to the springs of spiritual vitality, and may fail to take advantage of them. A farm family may be surrounded by the beauty and wonders of God's creation, they may work with his laws and use his resources, yet never sense their dependence upon him, and their partnership with him. They are like the people of whom Jesus spoke when he said:

(Continued on page 29.)

The Orchid

TIME was, Frances thought dreamily as she hung the clothes on the line, when a spring day like this with the sun warm on her back would have made her heart sing with the sheer joy of living. She would have picked a violet or a dandelion or some humble blossom, some blossom which was alive and therefore beautiful and wonderful, and would have put it in her hair to lighten her work or her walk. It would more likely have been her walk, for at the time she was dreaming about, she had not done much work and she had done a great deal of walking.

She picked up the little wet wad of striped blue cloth and shook it out and hung her husband's shorts on the line. She saw the breeze blow them out from the line and

she saw another tear in the side. A deep, unlovely frown came across her forehead. She forgot about dandelions and violets and the spring sun and tried to stop remembering the days when she had done so much walking. Yes, Phil's shorts as well as everything else they had were wearing out. And just where were they going to get the money to replace them? It was more than she could figure out. In fact, there were a lot of things she couldn't figure out about her marriage.

She had not thought that it would be like this. No one had prepared her for what lay beyond the altar covered with flowers. She grew up in a fine old house on Robin Road with two servants to

do the work and she and her mother were free to take long walks or gather flowers from their garden, arrange them in the large cool rooms, or go into town any day they liked, stroll about in the best shops, and buy the clothes they needed—or even the clothes they just wanted.

She had started her marriage with a trousseau which lasted these three years but it was getting threadbare and out of style. She had never dreamed that clothes could cost so much—as much, for instance, as the rent for a month on their little house. And now the styles were changing. Her dresses and her good winter coat were too short and she didn't know what she was going to do about it.

By Virginia-Murrill

Jeffries

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY HIGHSMITH



Her mother had always taken her to Flagins' where the saleswoman brought out suits and dresses for their inspection. Later, if she wanted to know, she could ask the price. No one seemed to worry about that.



“There you are, darling, with all my love—Happy Easter!”

Phil couldn't help it, either. His one good suit was getting out of shape from wearing it every day. He would have to have a new spring suit. He couldn't work in a first-rate men's shop and wear a suit that was frayed at the sleeves and along the bottom of the trousers. Rent and food were out of all proportion to the rest of their living costs. They had to do without new clothes.

They kept a budget, one of the very flexible kind because they never had enough money to make a budget come out even. But they did try to keep an account of where their money was going and they cut down on all unnecessary and many of the essential things.

EASTER was only two days off. Frances had long ago given up any childish ideas about having to have a new outfit and a corsage to wear on Easter morning, but now as she stood in the yard and watched their clothes blow dry on the line, she couldn't help remembering. . . .

Her mother had always taken her to Flagins' where they had gone into a pleasant, carpeted room and they would sit on a soft gray velvet sofa with bright red cushions at their backs and let the saleswoman bring out suits and dresses for their inspection. After it was all over, if she wanted to know, she

could ask the price. No one seemed to worry about that.

Then on Easter morning she would get up early and put on some favorite comfortable dress and her oldest walking shoes and go for a walk in the woods back of her house. She would throw back her head and listen for the early call of the birds in the trees and she would feel alive and awake and full of the glory of living.

After a while she would come back to her home and have a splashing shower and slip on a flowered housecoat and have breakfast on the terrace with her mother and father. Later she would dress in her new suit and her hat and gloves and would pin an orchid from her father on her shoulder and they would go to church in their big shiny car.

But that had been long ago, much longer than the three years of actual time which had passed. It had been another life, another time which lived only in her memory.

SHE thought of Phil. She met him when he was a soldier, a second lieutenant with his uniform and the glamour that went with it. She met him after church and he rode home with the family in the shiny car and she wore her new suit and her orchid. He told her later that he thought her attrac-

tive then but that he did not fall in love with her until that afternoon when she put on her old clothes and took him and his friend for a walk in her woods.

They sat on an old log, the three of them, and talked about themselves. She had known from that day that Phil came from a poor family, that he was not prepared for a profession of any kind. He had never pretended to be anything that he was not. He had gone into the army at an age when he was too young to have given much thought to what he wanted to do with his life, except for a vague idea that he'd like to be a doctor. For five years he had had his life planned for him and had shown enough leadership to rise rapidly to the rank of second lieutenant. That proved to Frances that he had what it took to do things in the world. He just hadn't had a chance.

They had been married soon after the war was over and he had had to take the first job he could find. It had all seemed so simple to her. They were in love and Phil had a job and she was going to wear little fluffy aprons and learn how to cook and keep house. She had readily agreed with Phil that they would be independent and live on his salary however small it was. She knew that he had pride and that he would not



After three years her trousseau was threadbare and out of style. She never dreamed clothes cost so much.

accept help from her family, and she didn't intend to ask him to. They would get along. They would get along simply swell.

But she hadn't thought about clothes. She had never known what it felt like to go places and wonder what people were saying about the way you were dressed. She hadn't thought about how it would feel to have the milkman stop to collect the bill and to have to ask him to wait until next week. She hadn't thought about how tired you could get from doing all your own work, too tired even to roll your hair at night or to keep your hands manicured. She had not thought about how much work was necessary to keep a house neat and clean. Her mother's home had always seemed to stay clean all by itself.

SHE HUNG the last towel on the line and picked up the clothesbasket and carried it through the side door and put it in the basement. She went up to the kitchen and washed the dishes which she had left in order to get the clothes on the line early. Scrambled egg was sticking to the plates and she had to soak it off. Finally she finished and went out to sweep the front walk. The grass needed mowing and the edges around the walk needed trimming. Phil didn't get out of the store until six and after they finished their dinner it was

usually too late for him to mow the grass.

"Can't you find a boy in the neighborhood who will mow the grass for you?" he would ask. She knew that he was remembering the old man who was her father's gardener and that it hurt his pride for her to have to mow the grass. She found a boy who mowed it most of one summer but he charged a dollar a week and she couldn't always spare a dollar. She finally started mowing it herself. Phil must have known that she was doing it, but they never mentioned the grass. They kept a rather grim silence about it and that was what hurt the most. There were things between them that could not be talked about.

Something just has to be done about us, she kept telling herself as she sat at the kitchen counter and munched her sandwich. We can't go on this way for the rest of our lives. It isn't fair to us. It isn't even fair for us to have to feel the way we do. Things and the lack of things are coming between us. I want us to feel the way we did in the woods when we fell in love, when material things had not become involved with our being in love with each other. But what could they do? There were so many little things that they needed, things like hose and underwear and new dishtowels. Small things, to be sure, but necessary things. There was never a cent for anything extra.

Big things were easy to do without. You would feel as if you were making a sacrifice to do without a car and a new spring hat or a whole outfit. It was the little things, the slip with the long ragged tear in the back, the extra things like paper towels for the little rack in the kitchen, potato chips and tomatoes out of season that would run the grocery bill up too much. Those were the things that could come between two people before they knew it.

FRANCES heard Phil coming up the walk that evening and she put the last of the meal on the table. His face was beaming even though he looked tired and hungry. He still was a dashing figure, even in

his worn suit, and Frances still felt that happy little feeling inside whenever she saw him again after a day's absence. He sat down at the table and started serving the plates.

"I have a surprise for you and don't try to get me to tell you what it is," he said, almost like a little boy. His brown eyes were shining.

"A surprise?" Frances couldn't imagine what it could be. "Do you have a raise?" she asked, hardly daring to believe it.

Phil's face clouded for a moment, but then as he thought of his secret he grinned again. "No, not a raise, nothing like that. No, it is a present for you—Easter present."

"A present, Phil? For me?" She had not imagined that she could be so thrilled again over a surprise present. But then her heart found a question which she dared not speak. They couldn't afford presents for each other. They spent their money together and the barest necessities took all of it. If he had bought her a present then she would have to do without something else, as though she were giving it to herself. But, of course, there were so many things she needed, a new hat, a slip, some gloves, everything. And it would be more fun to get it as a gift. It was more fun to see Phil with that pleased look on his face. She would play along.

"Did you have a windfall or did some kind old gentleman walk up and say, 'Here, young man, take this small bill and buy your wife a present'?"

Phil laughed. "Neither. Where I got the money is a secret, too, but don't worry. It won't hurt our budget. Say, this is a good meal, honey. How do you manage to cook such good meals?"

IT WAS almost like magic. They were almost back to the feeling they had had that day in the woods when they fell in love and *things* had not yet started coming between them.

"When will I get it?" she asked, because she could sense that he wanted her to beg him to tell.

(Continued on page 33.)

Your Child Learns About **THE BIBLE**

Here is a plan for
guiding your child to an appreciation of the Bible. You'll be surprised how
workable it is!

By Hazel A. Lewis .



Judson Pix.

As evidence of his appreciation of the Bible, this father is glad to review his daughter's church school lesson with her. (Confidentially he may learn something, too.)

LOUISE was usually very cooperative with the children in the church school. But the morning they were memorizing the Christmas story as found in Luke 2:8-20, she had an unhappy look on her face and finally slipped away from the group. A little later she was seen reading at the book table. When the children were preparing to leave, the teacher said to her, "You did not join us when we were learning the Christmas story this morning." Louise turned her honest little face to the teacher and said, "I just couldn't bear to drill on that. I love it so! We always read it at home at Christmas time." Of course, enjoying it at home was more important to Louise than memorizing it at church.

Some children would enjoy the experience of memorizing it also, and it would in no way decrease their enjoyment of the reading at home. Children are different about these matters just as they are about everything else. The process of learning to know and to love the Bible cannot be carried out in routine fashion for every child. One is reminded of the wise statement, "What we cause our children to love and desire is more important than what we cause them to know."

“Most Bible stories deal with experiences and situations that nursery children cannot understand;

“Bible verses that are used will be those that the children can understand and that help them. Sometimes the exact Bible wording can be used, but usually the thought of the verse will be expressed in words that are more familiar to the child. A Bible verse is especially valuable when it can be used naturally in conversation. For example, as the

—INEZ CLARK THORSON

IF VERY young children are to have a book of Bible stories at all it should be so simple that it will not be confusing. Probably the best one would be, *Jesus, Friend of Little Children*,² by Mary Entwistle. The book is small, with illustrations that are simple and the situation is one little children can understand. It is, of course, not necessary for a three-year-old child to have any book of Bible

²One of a series of *Bible Books for Small People* by Mary Entwistle and Muriel Chalmers.

AS A CHILD'S experience with books grows, he will enjoy other books of Bible stories. But even when he is four and five there are not many which are within his appreciation. For the four- and five-year-old there is *In the Morning*, a collection of Bible verses illustrated with pictures of a child's everyday experiences. There are other little books in the series mentioned above, such as *When Jesus Was a Boy*, *Baby Moses*, *Isaac of the Tents*. It is still the Bible he sees in others: his parents, his teachers, other adult friends, which will mean the most to him. If the people he knows who love the Bible are kind and understanding, the Book and the persons are associated

in the child's thinking, and it lives through them.

As children grow, books become increasingly important to them. Even kindergarten children have their cherished volumes and most of all their favorite stories. They see books which their mothers and fathers evidently cherish which look very uninteresting to a child. Certainly the Bible in its usual form does not look interesting to a child. But if he discovers that the stories he loves to hear or sees in one of his picture books, are from this same Bible he finds satisfaction in this fact. Here is what one person who knows little children very well has written as an interpretation of what a four- or five-year-old may think about the Bible:

"The Bible is a book. My daddy and my mother, my teacher, and the minister think it is interesting. They think more of it than of other books. They say I must be careful of it, and not put it on the floor.

"There is a Bible in my home. Grandmother reads it. Sometimes Daddy reads it, and we all listen. Big sister has one, all her own. Sometimes she carries it to church school. She studies her lessons for church school in it.

"There is a Bible up on the pulpit at our church. Our minister reads from it, and all the people listen. My teacher has a Bible. Sometimes she reads a little to us, like, 'We give thanks unto thee, O God; we give thanks.' Then we all sing a song of thanks or fold our hands to pray.

"There are stories in the Bible. Our teacher tells us some of them, about David and the sheep, and the little room on the roof. There are singing verses in the Bible. Some tell about beautiful things, like the tender grass springeth out of the earth, through clear shining after rain. Some verses say thank you to God, like 'Come, let us sing unto the Lord.' Some verses tell us how to be good, like 'A glad heart makes a cheerful face,' and 'Love one another.' We often say the verses when we find something

beautiful. Some of the verses are written on the windows in the church, and outside, above the door. Our teacher reads them to us when we go into the big church to look around. Our teacher can read out of the big Bible in the church, and it is the same as our little Bible, and like the one we have at home.

"There are stories of Jesus in the Bible, how he slept in a manger when he was a baby, and how he helped everyone who was sick or lonely or sad when he was a man. There are stories of Jesus told in the Bible, and some of the things he said when he told the people about God, and about how to be good and happy.

"It tells about God in the Bible: It says that 'He has made everything beautiful in its time,' and that he cares for the birds and the flowers, and helps us to love one another."³

WHEN a child is able to read he frequently wants a Bible of his own. When that time comes he may be discouraged by having a copy he cannot read. A Bible printed in type large enough for him to read would be too large for him to handle. The best copy for a child seven or eight years old is Sherman and Kent's *Children's Bible*. A delightful book is *Once There Was a Little Boy* by Dorothy Kundhardt, a story in which Mary tells Jesus of his experiences as a child and the story of his birth.

This is the time to read aloud in the home Mary Alice Jones's book *Tell Me About the Bible*. But hearing the Bible read aloud at home is still the best introduction to it that a child can have.

Perhaps the church will present a Bible to him when he goes from the Primary to the Junior Department. It will be more highly valued if the parents read aloud from it and help him learn to use it. When he is in the third year primary group he will probably begin learning to use the Bible, to

find the Book of Psalms which is in the middle of the Bible, to find the Gospels and certain favorite verses; he will make a booklet,⁴ "My Memory Book" of the passages he is learning and will have made a "Church School Word Book"⁵ in which the meanings of words like "Testament," "Gospel," "Tabernacle," and others he will meet in the Bible are made clear. All of these activities are more successful when parents and children work on them at home, too.

Children nine to eleven are able to read the Bible, to find passages in it and to use reference books. There is more time at home and guidance is so much more personal there. When the children are learning to find the books of the Bible⁵ it is an interesting game for parents also to see how quickly references can be found. The fourth grade child will know the plan and can tell his parents about it. Confidentially, more than one parent has learned a lot about the Bible by following the work of his Junior son or daughter! *A Picture Dictionary of the Bible* by Ruth P. Tubby and *A Picture Book of Palestine* by Ethel Smith-er are both good books for home use.

The Story of the Bible by Walter R. Bowie is good for the nine-to-eleven-year-old child. *Beggar Boy of Galilee* by Josephine Sanger Lau and *Nathan, Boy of Capernaum* by Amy Morris Lillie re-create life in Palestine. *The Cedar Block*, by Mary Lloyd Callaghan, and *Simon Called Peter*, by Belle Chapman Morrill, are also interesting reading for children ten and over or for family reading aloud.

The Bible is the greatest book in the world. The home is the place and the family is the group to make it live again in the lives of the boys and girls. The church and the church school are the strongest allies of the family in this, but they have only limited success when they work alone.

³By Jessie Eleanor Moore. Used by permission.

⁴Third Year Primary Graded Lessons.

⁵First Year Junior Graded Lessons.

Finding God in Sunshine and Rain

WHEN the blustery days are replaced by the soft breezes and warm sunshine of April, and children are able to dispense with heavy clothing, they feel a sense of release. The freedom of outdoor play, the feel of sun on bare arms and legs, the caress of the wind on face and hair brings a peculiar joy to children. All of these may become religious experiences when they are related to God who plans all good things for his children.

Blessed of the LORD be his land . . .
And for the precious things of the fruits of the sun,
And for the precious things of the growth of the moons.

—Deuteronomy 33:13a, 14.

As the trees blossom and bud, children may be led to a beginning appreciation for the beauty of the world and for God's good plan for food.

And out of the ground made the LORD God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food.

—Genesis 2:9.

And the tree of the field shall yield its fruit, and the earth shall yield its increase.

—Ezekiel 34:27.

Leafing trees also bring the promise of summer with its many pleasures and good gifts.

From the fig tree learn its lesson: as soon as its branch becomes tender and puts forth its leaves, you know that summer is near.

—Matthew 24:32.

Children may be led to see the beauty of storms in the movement of clouds, the streams of water running in the streets, and the sound of automobile tires on wet streets. Many children are deeply afraid of the wind, thunder and lightning that sometimes accompanies the sudden storms of spring. All children may be led to understand that rain is a part of God's good plan for the earth and that it is necessary to life.

Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God,
Who covereth the heavens with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

—Psalm 147:7-8.

Who hath cleft a channel for the waterflood,
Or a way for the lightning of the thunder;
To cause it to rain on a land where no man is;
On the wilderness, wherein there is no man;
To satisfy the waste and desolate ground,
And to cause the tender grass to spring forth?

—Job 38:25-27.

Then I will give your rains in their season, and the land shall yield its increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruits.

—Leviticus 26:4.



WORSHIP IN THE

with 4

On the First Easter Day

I wish I had walked in the garden
On that first Easter Day
When the women found the Savior gone
From the dim tomb where he lay.

I think the birds in the treetops
Must have sung sweetly then
And flowers bloomed in the garden
As they never would bloom again.

Even the stones of the pathway
Must have shone rare and sweet
Because on that Easter morning
They had known his risen feet.

—BY ELIZABETH PALMER

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If All Were Rain

If all were rain and never sun,
No bow would span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

—BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Prayers of a Little Child

THANKS FOR RAIN

Dear God, we thank thee for the pitter-patter of the nice, cooling rain and for our comfortable day indoors. We thank thee for sheltering the birds and for watering the dry grass and grain and flowers. We thank thee for refreshing us with water and food. May we be good and true to thee for thy gifts of rain and sunshine. Amen.

EASTER PRAYER

Lord of life and beauty, the beautiful springtime shows all of Nature coming to life again. It reminds us of the renewed life of the first Easter morning. Thank you, dear God, for everything living and beautiful. Amen.

—BEULAH THOMAS

Children



Sunday Morning in the Air

Deeply, sweetly bells declare
Sunday morning in the air.

"Christ is risen! Easter's here!"
Bells proclaim when spring is near.
Sunlit peace, a summer day,
Singing, ringing church bells say.
Far and faint the wild geese crying,
Church bells ringing, red leaves flying.
The bells' mellow cadence calling,
Silvery, through new snow falling.

Deeply, sweetly bells declare
Sunday morning in the air.

—ELEANOR HAMMOND

A Table Grace

We thank thee, loving Father,
For all thy tender care,
For food and clothes and shelter
And all the world so fair. Amen.

—ANONYMOUS

Evening Hymn

I hear no voice, I feel no touch,
I see no glory bright;
But yet I know that God is near,
In darkness as in light.

He watches ever by my side,
And hears my whispered prayer;
The Father for His little child
Both night and day doth care.

—ANONYMOUS

Spring Song

In the April meadow
Where I walked along,
I heard a meadow lark
Singing notes of song.

Lifting from the grasses,
Suddenly he flew
With ambitious wings outspread
Up against the blue.

Spring was on the meadow,
Gold was on the day—
Air itself was music
Till he flew away.

—HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

A Litany for Easter

We're glad, dear God, and want to pray
With joy to You this Easter Day.
We're glad, we're glad, dear God.
For lilies standing tall and fair
Which send their perfume through the air;
We're glad, we're glad, dear God.
For happy songs the children sing
And chiming tones when church bells ring;
We're glad, we're glad, dear God.
For Jesus Christ, Your loving Son,
Who lives as Friend of everyone;
We're glad, we're glad, dear God.

—MABEL NIEDERMEYER McCRAW

The poems on these pages may be used in family worship; at bedtime in conversation with a child as he talks of happy times during the day; at the time of a happy experience to enrich it, or later to recall it. For further suggestions see "Easter in the Christian Home," page 2.

Easter Thanksgiving

A thrilling tale of mountain adventure for our younger readers.

IT WAS ABOUT here we found him, wasn't it Jack?"

"This is the spot, Joan. Between that toadstool rock and this crooked old pine we found Pete Weber with his hands caught in a bear trap. Jiminy, he looked like he was dead. Just think, he'd been lying there helpless in the cold for seventy hours! He was good and tough, Dr. Wheeler said, to live through it. Some folks at camp say Pete's part Indian, you know."

"Remember how we rubbed his hands and feet before the numbness left them? And how he kept mumbling about wolves?" Joan shivered as she recalled the experience of a year ago when she and her twin brother, exploring the wilderness above Gold Gulch, had found the hermit trapper half dead from cold and hunger and exhaustion.

It had been near Easter time then just as it was now. Not that anyone would guess it, for March in the high Rockies is a winter postscript.

Flu had hit camp two weeks previously, and half the miners were sick as well as the mine manager and engineer. Mr. Hunt had been doing double duty and was showing the strain. Miss Ruth, the teacher, had been stricken over at Mrs. Larsen's frame boarding house, and now, two days before Easter, things were very bad indeed, at Gold Gulch.

"Dr. Wheeler's down now," tired Mrs. Hunt announced that morning. She had been nursing everybody and looked pale and tired. "If Daddy gets sick now. . . ." She turned to the kitchen stove where cocoa simmered. "There's only oatmeal and canned milk," she sighed. "The store shelves look like old Mother Hubbard's. Mr. Bates' big order was on that freight train that was due the day of the last big snowslide."

"Here, Mother, I'll attend to our breakfast. You go and lie down on the sofa awhile," pleaded Joan. "What would we all do if you got sick?"

"Sure, take care of yourself," urged Jack, "Joan and I can run the house. Remember, you're camp nurse. Gee, wouldn't it be swell if Marjie popped in right now?" Marjorie, their older sister, was a trained nurse and had been on special cases in the city hospitals, too busy to see her family for six months.

"If only we could say a charm, like 'abracadabra,'" Joan shook her bright curls, "we'd make wishes and straighten everything out."

"I'd wish that the men would dig through that slide and open the trail," Jack said and attacked his porridge though he was sick of it. "But you can't get rid of a slide eight hundred feet long in a jiffy."

TODAY, under bleak March skies, the twins in their oldest warm clothes and boots were searching for their stray burro, Cheerio. After doing what was to be done at home they had helped Mrs. Larsen, who declared her mine boarding house had turned into a hospital what with "everyone gone 'fluey.'" She confided to the twins that the kind doctor was so sick that if help didn't come somehow and quickly, Easter would be a day of mourning. So Jack and Joan went hunting for Cheerio, looking very owlish and downcast.

"Got to have help, but how?" puzzled Jack, who looked exactly like Joan except that his nose was snubber, and her eyes were bluer.

The children took a south trail from which the wind had swept most of the snow. Cheerio, the tramp, was always disappearing on private exploring parties and the twins feared he would fall into one of the many prospecting holes, or get himself buried so deep in a drift that even his noisy "Hee-haw" would be smothered. Besides, coyotes and mountain lions were very hungry now.

"If flu hadn't hit camp we'd have had the nicest Easter," Joan said wistfully as they panted up the rocky slope to the place where they had found Pete Weber in the bear trap last spring.

"Yeah, and if there hadn't been another snowslide," jeered her brother.

"Teacher had the program all planned," Joan ignored him. "Songs and pieces, and everybody was to go to the schoolhouse Sunday morning just when city folks have services with a big choir and a pipe organ. She'd ordered candy eggs for the scholars, too."

"Huh! Well, we might as well forget Easter. Remember the chocolate rabbits Marjie sent us last year? She can't even get a letter to us now. We'll be chasing live rabbits for our supper," he joked, "or digging out chipmunks to keep from starving. No trains not even the big mine mules can get through the slide, not unless they sprout wings."

By Daisy D. Stephenson

"Wings!" Joan repeated thoughtfully. "Jack, what about a plane?"

"Dad thought of that last night, but it would cost too much. And now even the phone line's out. Didn't you see the men start out to work on the line? It'll take days and Easter's day after tomorrow. We might put ours off," he shrugged ruefully. "Nobody would know the difference."

THERE WAS NO trace of their burro anywhere so the children returned to camp and more bad news. They found their father in bed with a high temperature. Their mother was doing all that could be done, but the children saw through her cheerful tone to her real distress.

"If only we had penicillin!" she said wearily that night when Joan slipped into the kitchen where her mother was fixing a mustard plaster. "Or if Marjie could be here to nurse her father."

Joan and Jack each took a two hours' shift that night and their mother slept till midnight. There was little to do aside from giving their feverish father his medicine, and keeping up the fire in the drum stove.

The day before Easter! The sunlight that forced its way into the grim-walled camp seemed pale and cold to the anxious trio. Joan's eyes were big and solemn as she faced her mother after their meager breakfast.

"I've thought of something, Mother. There's just one person who would dare go through Skull Pass on snowshoes—"

"Pete Weber!" exclaimed Jack. "He'd do it for Dr. Wheeler. But we haven't laid eyes on Pete for months. Maybe he's over the range trapping or hunting coyotes and mountain lions for the Ranger."

"We're going up Mummy Mountain and see," persisted Joan, flushed and determined. "Pete can go anywhere on snowshoes and he never gets lost. And he made us promise to call on him if we ever needed him."

Jack nodded, recalling the look in the stolid trapper's eyes as he expressed his gratitude: "You saved my life, coming when you did. I'd have frozen stiff, or the wolves would have had me. And you brought the good doctor to me. Some day maybe I can pay you back for being so kind to me."

"That's a hard, lonely trip up Mummy," protested their mother. "I'll worry till you get back."

"Now, Mother," Joan reassured her as she collected everything from knitted helmet to snowshoes, "we're as sure-footed as Bighorn sheep. And maybe we'll find Cheerio, the scamp!"

They went past Mrs. Larsen's boarding house to find their good friend, the doctor, very low. After they had gone a long way in silence Jack blurted, "If we don't find Pete I'll be hornswoggled!" That was the doctor's own funny expression when he felt himself stumped.

Up another steep stretch where the wind fairly blew your hair off. They were going the short way to Pete's shack, and would need their snowshoes now.

Joan got hers strapped on first and started ahead. At the turn she looked back to see Jack leaning over the cliff with a look of despair. Accidentally he had pushed one of his snowshoes over! Joan's heart bumped her heels but she cupped her hands and shouted above the roar of the wind.

"Go back to the dry gulch and build a fire! I'll make it okay! Be back in a jiffy." Jack could do nothing but wave disgustedly as she bent to the gale that almost took her off her sturdy feet.

JOAN made her way with extreme caution. It all depended on her now. When at last she spied Weber's cabin tucked between rocks and Douglas firs she cried out in relief. But—no smoke curling from the rude chimney, no sign of life. Joan's heart sank but she trudged on. She pushed open the heavy door and went in. No fire in the rusty stove.

(Continued on page 28.)

Rain

A Tiny Tale by Jessie B. Carlson

Judy woke up while it was still dark. She saw bright flashes of lightning and heard loud crashes of thunder. She heard rain falling on the roof. And she heard something else. She heard Mother coming down the hall.

When Mother got to Judy's door she tiptoed in.

"Mother," Judy said, "is it time to get up?"

"Not yet, dear," said Mother. "It is raining and I came in to close your windows. Go to sleep again. It is still night."

Mother pulled down the windows and went out of the room. Judy could hear the rain tapping on the window panes. Soon she fell asleep.

The next time Judy woke up it was light. It was still raining. She could hear the pitter-patter on the roof and windows. She could hear something else. She could hear her family talking in the kitchen.

Judy got up. She put on her housecoat and slippers. She went to the kitchen.

"I'm glad it is raining," said big sister. "Now I won't have to sweep the walk. The rain will wash it clean."

"I'm glad it is raining," said big brother. "Now the trees and grass will grow."

"I'm glad it is raining," said Daddy. "The seeds I planted last night will get a good drink. Then they will grow."

"I'm glad it is raining," said Mother. "The rain will fill up the rivers and lakes and there will be water for everyone to drink."

"And I'm glad it is raining," said Judy. "Now I can wear my red raincoat."

"Then everyone is happy," Daddy said. And everyone was!

no sign of recent cooking. Oh dear! Pete might be miles away. And every hour was so precious.

Slowly Joan turned back, feet leaden with disappointment. Then she noticed a new trail the trapper had made down the mountainside. It would be longer but Joan figured she would save time getting back to the gulch where Jack waited. As she came out of an aspen thicket she shouted with surprise and joy. For plodding ahead of her was a familiar brown burro and on his back rode—

"Pete!" cried Joan breathlessly. "And Cheerio! Oh, I'm so glad!"

The trapper greeted her as casually as if they met daily. And the runaway burro sniffed and wagged an ear as if saying, "I declare! What are you doing up here?" But Pete's deepset eyes were friendly. He told her he had been over in the Tarryall country trapping. Had just returned to find the burro at his door—"and I thought you'd be wanting the little pest."

"Then you're tired if you've been on the trail all morning," Joan said, blue eyes clouding.

"Me, I'm never tired. What can I do for you, Joan?"

Joan's story came pouring out. How sick the doctor was and all the men, even her daddy. How low the food supply was, and the need for penicillin and other medicine. Joan dabbed her tears away but the stolid trapper sensed her distress.

"I'll start now," he told her briefly. "I can make the pass and drop down into Pinecliff," he squinted into the sun, "by noon. I'll call up the city and tell them. Who shall I talk to?"

"My sister, Marjorie, at St. Luke's Hospital, and reverse the call," Joan told him gratefully. "She'll think of a way to help, though it will be almost like magic, won't it Pete?"

"Don't quit hoping," he told her gently. "Once in a while things happen that way. You've done your part, now I'll do mine," he promised simply as they parted on the windy trail. Joan waved him good-bye, then rode on down to an astonished and relieved twin brother.

IT WAS just growing dusk when the people of Gold Gulch heard a strange and welcome sound—a droning, a zooming overhead that brought every able-bodied person out of doors, neck craned upward. There it came from the south, the great eagle that was really a plane. It slowed and circled, hovering cautiously while the pilot picked the only possible place in camp to land. That was the combination baseball field and children's playground. Not a very large field, and everyone held his breath as the flyer swooped earthward. Safely the black and gold Oriole came to earth in a beautiful three-point landing which only a pilot like young Richard Allen could have made.

Jack and Joan were right there when the plane rolled to a stop and the smallest passenger, a slim girl with blue eyes, sang out, "Hello twins! How is Dad?"

"Marjie!" The twins were next to speechless with delight.

With their sister was Dr. Birch, and they had brought a cargo of supplies—food and penicillin and everything that was sorely needed, not to mention the candy rabbits and eggs Marjie had brought for the camp children.

PETE had done his work well. After talking to him, Marjorie had taken her problem to Dr. Birch who was ready and glad to cooperate. And the way they had acquired a plane was the luckiest of all.

"You see," Marjie told her family, "Dr. Birch has looked after the Allen family for years, and I nursed Mrs. Allen through pneumonia last month. They have plenty of money and Richard has his own plane. Well, we got together and that's how the rescue party arrived so promptly. Not an hour too soon either," she thought as she felt her father's pulse. "But he'll be all right," she assured her weary mother after the penicillin began its work.

All that night Gold Gulch waited while the city doctor kept watch at the camp doctor's bedside. Dr. Wheeler lay in the Valley of the Shadow . . . no one at Mrs. Larsen's slept. Back in a corner of the kitchen a silent, tall figure waited for word from the sick room. Pete Weber did not forget one who had befriended him in need. At sunrise Mrs. Larsen tiptoed out, new hope shining in her pale face.

"He's going to pull through," she said softly. Then the silent figure rose and strode away in the light of the new day. As he passed the Hunt cabin Joan stuck her yellow head out of a window.

"He's going to live," Pete told her gravely. "So Easter brings hope and new life, Joan."

"It's like Thanksgiving," Joan told him soberly. "Thank you, Pete, for all you did. I hope you have a happy Easter."

With a friendly gesture of farewell, the trapper disappeared up the lonely trail just as the sun of Easter shone down on Joan's curly head.

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"That's better!"

Our Country's Heart

(From page 17.)

"You will listen and listen, and never understand; And you will look and look, and never see."¹

"I get so impatient with my family," confided a farm woman. "They never truly see a sunrise—to them it's just the beginning of another workday; and they never see a wild daisy in the pasture corner; to them it's just a troublesome weed."

"Earth's crammed with heaven And every common bush afire with God. But only he who sees takes off his shoes:

The rest sit round and pluck blackberries," wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning nearly a century ago.

And still too many rural people "sit round and pluck blackberries," unaware of the presence of God about them.

The rural family who takes for granted the resources about them, using God's bounty for their own ends without any sense of their responsibility to the Giver, remind us of King Midas whose grasping touch turned even his beloved daughter to gold.

ONE DAY I realized anew the spiritual resources close at hand in the countryside. We were calling in an isolated farm home where livelihood was a struggle. "Go over to the fence corner," said the farmer's wife to me. "That's my chapel, I guess. When I feel tired or angry or discouraged I just go out there and look at the lake and the woods below the hill till I feel calm again."

It is usually the folk who are unaware of the beauty and wonder in God's world who are also insensitive to the needs of their fellowmen. Somehow opening our lives to the in-flowing spirit of God, opens our hearts to our brethren, and gives us a sense of responsibility for their well-being. Jesus taught us to see in the lilies of the field and the birds of the air evidences of God's care for us. And he taught us also that we must

love our brethren even unto the least. As we grow in awareness of God, we also become better neighbors, more contributive to the welfare of others.

HOW CAN rural families grow, then, in their awareness of God?

Alice Freeman Palmer once gave a group of children from the Boston slums three rules for happiness. Her rules are a good tonic for all who would keep spiritually aware. "Learn something beautiful every day," she said; "do something beautiful every day; and see something beautiful every day, and pause long enough to thank God for it."

She knew that thanksgiving is an attitude of mind, a disposition of the spirit that keeps the experiences of life in right perspective. Muriel Lester in her little manual *Ways of Praying*, tells of an old gentleman whose serene and radiant disposition was an inspiration to all about him. One day someone asked him the secret of his peace of mind. "I spend the first hour every morning," he answered, "in thoughts of thankfulness."

The rural family who would be aware of God will not take his wonders for granted. It is natural for little children to wonder and their wonderings often lead to worship. Children learn to watch a swallow in flight or truly see a bloodroot unfolding its snow-white petals in the spring woods if those experiences have value to their parents. They learn to feel a sense of gratitude for the sustaining Power about them if their parents frequently remember, in word and deed, their Creator.

WORK on the farm may also be an open door to God. Few men work more intimately with the resources and laws of God than the farmer. Sometimes I think Paul must have been thinking of farmers when he said, "We are workers together with God." God made the rose. But the corn God created without man's help was quite different from the tall hybrid varieties we grow today. The farm families who are sensitive to their stewardship, who are conscious of their responsibilities as workers

with God, find their daily tasks dignified by their faith. And they are better farmers, too. For the recognition that "the land is the Lord's; we are his caretakers" will lead them to make wiser use of the resources at their command.

Family play can also open the door to God. Too few farm families take time for picnics and outings together. Too few find delight in bird study or wild flower enjoyment. Too few spend evenings in family games, in singing about the piano, in making candy and popping corn, in good, wholesome family fun.

Family worship is, of course, a vital link between the farm family and God. Every family should seek the best devotional methods and materials for their particular needs. Some families will find that mealtime is the best time for a quiet period together, others may use the early morning hour or the bedtime of the children. Where there are children the worship will be most meaningful to all if the materials selected are within the understanding of the children rather than on an adult level. The children should have an active part in the service, reading the Scripture, offering prayer, leading in song. Families with children will find such manuals as *Thoughts of God for Boys and Girls* useful.

The pictures on the walls, the music played and sung, the choice of radio programs are outward expressions of the spiritual vitality of the family life. In these days of record players and radios when the best and the worst are easily accessible to us, let us choose wisely the spiritual climate in which to nurture our children.

The rural church is the partner of the Christian farm family. The highest aspirations and deepest needs of the family groups will find expression in the rural church life. The family pew, the activities of the church, the opportunities of sharing which the church makes available are tools of spiritual effectiveness for its members. The vital rural church is a fellowship of families who are striving to achieve Christ's way in their neighborhood and their nation.

¹The Bible—An American Translation, Smith and Goodspeed.

Family Counselors

Question: For over a year my five-year-old son has played with a boy one year older who is always fighting. He not only fights with his fists, but throws sticks and bricks. His mother feels this is wrong, but his father says it is manly and natural for boys to fight, and encourages it. How can I safeguard my son from injury, and give him a Christian attitude against fighting, and at the same time help the other boy? What is a Christian solution?

Answer: You apparently believe, as do many of us who try to apply Jesus' teachings to present-day problems, that force is not the way to settle differences. You have certainly shown a true Christian spirit in dealing with the little boy, and in wishing to help him. The problem is that so many people do not apply Jesus' teachings to their daily living, and so there is a conflict between much that He taught and the customs and practices today. As we train our children to follow Him, we must help them to be uncompromising in their allegiance, but also must do all we can to protect them lest the physical and mental hurt of being "different" turn them from that whole-hearted allegiance. For example, your five-year-old will soon dislike the idea of turning the other cheek if he is beaten up too many times.

Your problem, I think, lies with the boy's father. Rather than teaching his son to be manly in defending himself, he is encouraging him to be a coward and a bully in fighting someone smaller, and in throwing things that can hurt and maim. Normal boys are full of vim and vigor, and love to tussle and show themselves superior in physical strength. We must build a sense of fair play on that trait. Perhaps these concrete suggestions will help you:

1. Have your husband talk with the father, pointing out that his attitude is producing not a man but a coward.

2. Let the boys work off their desire to tussle with boxing gloves. Have someone show them rules and technique. Let them box when they are agreeable, not when they disagree. Or if you prefer, get them a game of suction darts, or other lively, competitive games. I don't think feats of skill, done fairly, can in themselves be called un-Christian.

3. Continue your policy of isolation whenever a fight occurs. If the other mother will not take her boy in, insist he leave your yard, and if necessary take your boy in so he won't be hurt by flying bricks. If all the playmates leave him when he fights, if he hears them having a wonderful time without him, he will gradually learn it pays to be agreeable.

4. Try not to show too much displeasure or anger with him. He probably enjoys the attention he gets because of his actions. Continue to treat him in a calm, friendly, Christian way.

E. N. J.

Question: My problem is not that something is wrong with our marriage; that's O.K. Our little girl is just seven years old and my husband says I must have help from someone about making her mind me. She won't come home from school. When I go after her, she is always picking at the piano. She runs away from home. She goes in neighbors' homes and picks at their pianos. No one in our family has ever been musical, so I know she can't be. She gets angry at all of us if we aren't absolutely quiet when anyone plays the piano on the radio. Even if

she could play, we can't afford to buy a piano. Please help me.

Answer: Most of us do everything we can to teach our children to appreciate good music and would make every possible sacrifice to see that they could take music lessons. Then we make ourselves half sick trying to get them to practice.

It is a real joy to hear that your child is so intently interested in learning to play the piano. Do everything you can to encourage her.

First, the discipline problem will disappear when the desire for piano is met. Many people who take lessons do not have a piano in their own home. Many schools arrange for children to practice during school hours, others after school and even on Saturday. I suggest you talk with the music teacher. At many schools these services are free. A number of times I have arranged for children to practice and take their lesson at a settlement house. Most settlement houses are equipped to offer this free service. However, I know one mother who pays one dollar per month. That is all she can spare, but she feels better to have such an arrangement.

One church I know has five pianos. On three days a week, these pianos are being used by people of the community for practice and lessons. Speak to the minister or music director of your church about the use of the church piano and give your child not only an opportunity to master piano, but even greater opportunity to share in the services a church can render its members and community. If ever you have an instant of embarrassment in not being able to buy a piano, remember it would be ut-

terly impossible for every organist to have that instrument in their own home. All of the organists I have ever known practice on church organs. By all means, see that your child starts lessons at once.

D. F.

Question: As summer approaches, I know that my children will become more and more insistent that we take a vacation from church and church school just as they do from school. I feel that we should attend our church the year round. What shall I tell them?

Answer: I certainly would not want to advise that you not go to church, for I feel that we always need the inspiration and strength that comes from public worship, and that our children need to be led into that realization as they grow older. However, if your children are insistent, there are several things you can do to take a vacation from routine, and at the same time stimulate their interest in their church and church school activities.

If you go away for a time during the summer, make a point of attending church as usual wherever you may be. If there are historic churches there, interest the children in their history, visit them during the week, then worship there on Sunday. If you do not travel, but stay at a camp or cottage, look up the nearest country church and worship there. Visit churches of other denominations, other faiths; lead your children casually into a discussion of the differences and similarities in worship services, which type of service they like best and why. If you do it skillfully, they will look forward to Sunday and a new church and a new way of worshiping, but they will return to their own church with a sense of homecoming.

If you find yourselves completely away from a church, make use of a radio to "go to church," or better yet, have your own family church service. Make it a little more formal than your regular

family devotions, but simple enough for your youngest child. At such a time, you may build up a memory of real worship that will be a lasting family treasure. Even if you stay at home during vacation time, visit other churches a few times for the same renewing of interest. Be certain, however, that your children realize that their financial responsibilities go on in the home church, even though they may go visiting.

E. N. J.

Question: Why do the bad boys and silly girls in every Sunday school always come from homes that have family worship and a great deal of religious training? What good is religion in the home if it does not make the children better?

Answer: It does seem sometimes as though what you say is true, but actually statistics show more great men coming from religious homes, fewer divorces among church families, and less juvenile delinquents from families with a religious background. One reason such children appear naughty is that everybody watches "Patty Parsonage," "Danny Deacon," or "Susie Sunday School Teacher" for any trace of naughtiness. Every normal mischievous act is "blown up" to serious proportions. Often too, Patty and Danny and Susie have so much religious teaching that they tire of that emphasis. Because of their home re-

**Let us have your problems today.
Write Family Counselors in care of
Hearthstone.**

ligious practices, such children already "know the answers" and so are bored to distraction by the Sunday school lesson as it is many times taught, and the Sunday school worship service as it is often directed. Still another reason is that sometimes in our home worship and study, we observe superficial forms, but fail to inspire our children to real Christian living, to a carry-over from precept to practice. They do know the answers, but they have no inspiration to live by those answers.

So I feel that we must not discontinue our home worship and study, but must do two positive things:

First, we must be sure that our Sunday schools gear their programs as much to these religiously overprivileged children as to the religiously underprivileged. Second, we must be extremely careful to go a step further in our family devotions and train and inspire our children to really walk in the way of Jesus, to really follow His teachings. That is true religious training.

E. N. J.



**Dorothy
Faust**



**Leslie R.
Smith**



**Elizabeth
N. Jones**



**Paul B.
Baum**

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL WHAT?

Graduation either marks the end or beginning of cultural growth. As Christians we need to consider this carefully.



Eva Luoma.

By P. Casper Harvey

IN THE rush of the final weeks of school, when the seniors are putting the final period on term papers, reading the last book on the required list, and worrying over how little they know right at examination time, graduation day appears as the end of shoving facts and dates into weary heads. The trouble is that for far too many high school graduates, the diploma seems to mark the end of mental growth.

My observation and experience have brought me to several considerations which should be weighed and studied by all those high school students who do not go to college.

Mental development should go on after formal education stops. Mental growth can become a continuous process and a process which should carry on to the grave. It is something for which a high school graduate can always strive.

At first it may seem too difficult to continue learning without the compulsion of classes to attend, assignments to prepare, examinations to write, and grades to make. The first obstacle is not enough time.

Yet, when a person says he does not have enough time, it is an open announcement that he does not want to grow mentally as much as he wants to do something else and that he had not acquired the habit of mental growth.

The outside opportunities for mental growth are always at hand. For those graduates in or near large cities there are night schools, lectures, libraries, clubs, and museums. For those in the country there are correspondence courses, books, traveling libraries, and community organizations. However, these are the "outside" opportunities and as important and valuable as they are, they are not enough.

The path to successful living and a stimulating life is using the "inner" opportunities. These are harder to take advantage of although they should be grasped easily. They cost nothing, at least practically nothing in dollars and cents. They cost much in attitude and outlook.

Before these "inner" opportunities are briefly outlined, the habit of "knowing what is going on"

should be stressed. The habit of reading a daily newspaper—a really good newspaper—every day needs to be formed early. Not all of it can be read, but every headline should be noted and those items of particular interest should be read in their entirety. Reading one of the national weekly news magazines, and reading every bit of it every week, would supplement the reading of the daily. In time this sense of "knowing what is going on" will broaden the outlook of the high school graduate.

The four major "inner" opportunities for mental growth are available to every person. By embracing all four of them, life can be happy and successful. These four opportunities rise superior to money, social position, family, education, and ability.

1. There is no profit in thinking up alibis. Very often this alone will ruin a life—this constant search to put the blame on something outside oneself. There are many economists and psychologists who today are saying that most people are the victims of circumstances. The alibi habit has

grown in America in the last generation as it has never grown before. Nothing will rot character as quickly as the alibi habit because it saps the sense of individual responsibility. Some persons are unaware that they inevitably disclaim any responsibility when something goes wrong. Yet their first thought will be that the mistake or error could not be theirs because of this, or that. Those who want to keep on growing mentally need to train themselves so that when something goes wrong they immediately question themselves as to how they might have been at fault. It may take time to answer that question, but it should always be asked and answered. Thus one can learn from his mistakes, and make of all mistakes and failures steppingstones to whatever achievement he desires. Failures are steppingstones for those who will make them so.

2. Vocabulary is the tool and condition of one's thinking capacity. Some years ago a great engineering school in the East made a survey of the characteristics of the president and the first vice-president of several thousand concerns in America. This survey included the large corporations with thousands of employees, and small shops with only six or seven men. The survey showed that the only constant differences between the president and vice-president was that the president had a larger vocabulary than the vice-president. The mother tongue is the machinery of thinking—that's what a language is. The encouraging thing is that each one has to increase his own vocabulary. Going to school has nothing to do with it. He can begin to increase it at the age of four years, at forty, or at eighty. If parents want their children to be smart or intelligent, they should see that the vocabularies of their children increase from three years on. There is only one good small dictionary, *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*, published in 1949, price six dollars. If a person would learn six new words a day from it and then use them the next day in conversation, his vocabulary would increase and likely his pay check.

3. Service to others in every job must be discovered. Every job has this characteristic or it is not a job. That is what creates jobs. If a person cannot see this quality in a job, he should not take it. It is seeing this quality in what one does that gets a better job for him. There is no better way to get a better job than by this method. This fires a person's enthusiasm, and both the public and the boss soon become enthusiastic about him.

4. A person needs to work in the church to which he belongs. If he catches the significance in this, he can tie the other three "inner" opportunities into an integrated life. Participation in church activities contributes to make the world a better place in which to live. It gives the individual a sense of community responsibility. It shows others that he has this sense and tells them he can be trusted. It keeps him in touch regularly with the Infinite.

If the high school graduate makes good use of these four learning opportunities, he will continue to grow mentally. This cannot be done if he is a victim of the greatest epidemic in America today, *veleity*. (Let this be the first new word under point No. 2.) It is pronounced *ve-lee-i-ty*. It means the lowest degree of desire. But if the high school student sees graduation only as one achievement of mental growth and not the end, he will have sufficient desire to continue his learning.

The Orchid

(From page 20.)

"On Easter morning, my love, as a remembrance of times past."

In spite of the sensible, mature reasoning which kept cropping up to tell Frances not to be such a child, she was excited for the next two days, wondering what the gift would be.

Easter morning was fresh and beautiful. They had decided to get up and take a long walk before breakfast. Frances had planned to skip church that morning because it hurt too much to go

with old clothes that particular day. She knew that it shouldn't matter but it did. She wondered where Phil had hidden her gift and when he would present it.

She was pulling on her favorite old walking shoes when she heard the doorbell ring and Phil's voice calling, "I'll get it." She wondered who it could be and then Phil came into the bedroom. His face was full of love and excitement and his eyes were shining.

"There you are, darling, with all my love—Happy Easter!"

Frances slowly opened the lid and lifted the green paper straw. There, nestled so carefully on its green bed, was a large purple orchid. Her heart sank and she uttered a terrible sound. She was sick with disappointment. She sank down on the bed, holding the box in her hands.

Phil was so excited over his gift that he mistook her reaction for one of pleasure. He talked fast and with an urgency as though now he could say many things that he had wanted to say but had not.

"I love you so much, Frances. Every day I look at you, the way things are for you now and I remember how it used to be. I remember the new clothes you always had, the big orchids you wore to church. Sometimes I think I can hardly stand it. We should have waited. I wanted to study medicine but it takes so many years and I couldn't wait that long to marry you. But I should have made something out of my life. I should have had a profession that would have given me a chance to contribute something to the world instead of just helping a lot of well-dressed men become better dressed. I could have made things nicer for you, too. I was selfish to take you from a home where you had everything and bring you to this." He paused and sighed and sat down on the bed beside her. "I—it is too late now, honey. I can't give you the other things but I can give you an orchid for Easter. I wanted you to have at least that much of your old life."

(Continued on page 42.)



BETTY picked up a turpentine cloth and began the monotonous business of wiping up paint spots. Her back ached and her feet felt like pineapples. Another hour and I'll be finished, she thought. Another hour wasn't much when it meant the end of a whole summer's work. She smiled wryly to herself. The whole summer! And she had blithely written to Fitz in the spring, "I'll do a room a day—five rooms—say, two weeks for good measure!" The first bedroom alone had taken over a week.

When she and Fitz had bought the little house in the country in May, he had pointed out to her, "It will need a lot of fixing, Lovey; you'd better roll up your sleeves. What I'd give to have a month to get at it myself!"

But Fitz had to leave for a surveying project the next day and time had hung heavy for a lonely bride. It was the chance to do as Fitz had said, roll up her sleeves and dive in. The general storekeeper had rattled up the little hill with supplies of paint, turpentine, varnish remover, and liberal quantities of advice. But Betty was too engrossed in the mail-order catalogue and the perplexing question of which chintz to order, to lend an ear to Mr. Cherley's ideas on interior decoration.

"I'll bet," she told herself, "he'd think it was just the cat's meow if I put red plush drapes and cushions in the sitting room and a few elegant sea shells on the mantle. Ha! Wait till I knock their eyes out."

This was when all those treasured clippings from the decorating magazines would finally pay dividends. Through the long months of her engagement, and the longer dismal months in furnished rooms after their marriage, those frustrating pictures had been carefully accumulated in scrapbooks. Now she had spent her days painting and sewing endlessly, and her evenings devouring every detail in the scrapbooks. The next day's work was planned, but with increasing irritation she found that no matter how efficiently she

The Long View

... is harder to
take than you think—especially when a summer's masterpiece is ruined.

worked, it always took at least two days to finish what she had expected to do in one.

Betty wiped up the last spot and looked around the sunny room. It's better than I dreamed, she exulted. She had decorated the five rooms, and with reckless ambition achieved minor miracles with the old furniture. Those "before and after" pictures in the magazines—they really worked!

She sat hunched on the floor beside a weary bundle of stained clothes. Well, it was over, no more strangling varnish remover, no more stinging hands. But it was worth it. She got up and looked morosely in the mirror. Just a little more of the everlasting turpentine and she would look as good as the house. With the last paint smear wiped off, she bathed herself and put on feminine clothes with an appreciative sigh. She turned toward the kitchen and made her last lonely supper before Fitz came home. Only one more meal alone, breakfast tomorrow, and then he would be here. In the gentle summer evening she walked through the house a dozen times with the thud in her heart increasing.

THE sun beat heavily on her head as she leaned on the gate and watched the road. Waiting for your husband after three months was as bad as the hours before the marriage service. When the car finally started up the hill she had to run from the side of the house where she had been taking a last look at the hang of the curtains. Fitz put his head out of the window and grinned. "Hi, chicken!" Flying across the lawn, her ankle turned and she stood laughing and sputtering, with one pump on and the heel of the other buried deep in the soft ground. Fitz loped across to her and kissed her warmly.

"Craziest woman I ever saw—high-heeled pumps in the country."

"Oh, come off it, Fitz, I've been in jeans and moccasins for three months." She caught her breath. "You look—wonderful."

He turned back for his suitcase. "You look wonderful, too,

but I'm not going to waste time telling you out here. Three months of the great outdoors is enough for anyone. I'm going inside that house and I'm not coming outside for a week."

Betty slipped her shoe on and made for the door. "Fitz, before you go in—close your eyes and remember the brown walls and the golden oak and the pictures of the rowing team. Remember?" She held her hands tightly together and was suddenly thinking, what if he doesn't like it—all that work—what if it wasn't right?

But he was almost at the doorway and he put one hand out to her and drew her beside him as he stepped over the threshold. The sun poured into the bright rooms as they stood there. She kept her eyes on his face, and the wonder of pleasure glowing on it was all the reward she wanted for her days

of earnest labor. He swung to her quickly. Taking her face between his hands, he kissed out his wordless gratitude.

Then she led him through each room, excitedly telling him about the trials and tribulations attendant on the birth of each masterpiece. He appreciated everything, overlooked nothing.

In fact, he was a little too much. He admired the pale coral door leading off the sitting room, and poked his finger into the gap between the top of the door and the jamb. "I'll have to fix that," he said. "There were bushels of things I wanted to do this spring, and that door was one of them." He squinted at the jamb. "The house must have oversettled a bit, just on this side, and the door-frame is out of kilter."

Betty turned away casually. "Oh, well, you can hardly see it,



"Fitz!" With white face and raging pulse, she stared at the damaged sitting room.

and the door doesn't stick much. I couldn't fix it. Let it go now, dear."

Fitz absently admired the next room, but a few minutes later he was back in the sitting room, tentatively swinging the offending door. "You know, coming up the road I had a good look at the roof and it looks as if it needs bracing. I'll get up in the attic tomorrow."

BETTY opened the gate with one hand and edged into the garden with her arms full of groceries. There was an ominous hammering inside the little house, and forgetting the weight in her arms now, she walked more quickly to the door.

"Fitz!" With white face and raging pulse, she stared at the damage in the sitting room. One whole side of the doorframe was loose, the pale coral door was lying on the floor, and a hammer and saw were carelessly thrown on a mist-blue chair. The paint on the doorframe had been chipped badly in prying it loose. There were finger marks all down the door. The hinges were sadly lacking most of their paint. But worst of all, Fitz was earnestly planing a small section of soft blue-gray floor to mysteriously put the frame to rights. He looked quite happy, and quite competent.

Betty stood with anger burning into her chest like a brand. There was a lump in her throat that nearly strangled her. "Fitz, Fitz," she choked. "Why on earth didn't you tell me before I left that you were starting that? Oh, what a dreadful mess! How could you?" She sank down onto a hassock and sat shivering. The new paint had been hardly dry. After all that work, Fitz was ripping it down without a thought. She tortured herself staring at each gash in the wood; each one like a rip in her own flesh.

Fitz looked up only momentarily. He was puffing from the effort of planing. "Well, it's got to be fixed, Betty," he said gently. "The door won't even close properly."

"Certainly it will close!" she choked again. "You just give it a little hoist." Torrents of words

rushed to her throat, but miserably she couldn't give voice to them. They danced around in her whirling head instead. Why didn't you warn me first? Couldn't you at least have put down papers? Why didn't you see that your hands were clean?

Fitz was too absorbed even to notice her furtive gropings for a handkerchief. Everything was so wonderful yesterday, she thought. How can things change so quickly? She slipped out into the garden again and walked numbly across the grass. The whole thing seemed like children's dramatics and yet it was deeply serious. Would she go on all their life together, making things as beautiful as possible, only to have Fitz disregard the surface beauty and insist that the mechanics were more important? It was even more hurtful when he had been so obviously enchanted with her work yesterday. She could see his point of view to a certain degree. But there was no need for such drastic action. The whole house construction didn't need to be torn apart just to straighten a door.

She wandered miserably out of the gate and down the road. I'll go over to Annie, she decided, I can't go back to the house now. Annie lived alone in the spare frame house that catered to tourists during the "season." Betty respected the ugly, wonderfully kind old spinster from the day they met. She turned in toward Annie's old-fashioned screened porch and smiled at the lumpy little figure in the rocking-chair.

Annie self-consciously beamed in return. "My—it's nice to see you. I didn't think, with Mr. Fitzsimmons coming home yesterday, you'd be over for a while."

Betty tried to be casual. "Oh, he's busy just now. Ripping down a door. Noisy work like that makes me nervous."

"He's going right ahead then, isn't he? It must make you feel real good, seeing him take an interest in his home."

"Good?" Betty exploded. "I could kill him!"

Annie's placid old face was startled. Betty couldn't stop now. "I didn't mean to come down here

to blow off the handle, but I'm just sick, Annie. You know how I've worked in that house. I was so proud of it. And Fitz looked as if he'd been given the best present in the world yesterday. But today, just because a door sticks, he's ripping the sitting room apart. You should just see it!"

Annie clucked her tongue sympathetically. "Now that's a shame when you've been working so hard." She considered a moment. "Men can get you pretty het up, I know. I mind how mad I was at my daddy once, years ago. We had our cellar door outside the back, and I was young then, I never minded going out the kitchen door and walking round to it. But daddy got a fool notion to chop a great hole in the kitchen floor and put in a door there. We had some real nice linoleum and he hacked a square right through it. He tore up floor boards right and left. I know I got so mad I wouldn't go in the kitchen even to get his meals and I wouldn't speak to him for three days, till he'd finished. For five years I hated that door, right smack in the kitchen floor."

She looked at Betty soberly. "But do you know, when I got old, it was mighty handy not to go out back in the cold weather. Mind you, I never told Daddy I liked his door, but I was glad it was there."

"Sometimes people make you so mad—" she squeezed her face to show how mad she meant, "but more times than not, you get to see their idea wasn't so bad."

Betty managed a wry smile. "I know how you mean, by so mad. I still can't get over Fitz doing such a thing when he knew I'd only just finished all that decorating."

From the depth of her spinster's experience with the male sex, Annie sighed. "Men are awful thoughtless at times. Still, you just try to take the long view. After a while you may find you're glad to have that door fixed right."

BETTY walked slowly back up the road. Her feet still dragged and there was a miserable weight in the pit of her stomach, but at least the few minutes' talk with
(See page 44.)

FOOL APRIL—Oops, we mean—APRIL FOOL

By Louisa Price Bell

IT DOES us all good to be a bit foolish once in a while, and the first day of April is certainly a logical time to indulge in some innocent "tomfoolery." Everyone invited to a party on that date is sure to be suspicious. But they'll hardly expect to find a FRESH PAINT sign on the front door, with the suggestion that they go to the rear! There they will be met with some such surprising greeting as: "You're leaving? We are so sorry that you can't stay longer." . . . "Do come again soon." . . . "We did so enjoy having you with us!" Both host and hostess should be dressed in the most ridiculous manner possible, not at all as the guests would expect to see them dressed. Thus they are "fooled" from the start!

When the facetious greetings are over, direct the guests to specified rooms where they are to put their apparel on backward. As each emerges, dressed in this "foolish" manner, there will be much laughing comparison, and when everyone has made the transformation, the judging as to who did the best job of reverse-costuming will be in order. That person has first choice at choosing the spellers for his side in the April Fool spelling bee. This contest is not as easy as it sounds even if short words are used, because all must be spelled *backward*. Host or hostess may act as mediator, giving the words in the manner used at any spelldown, and not allowing too much time for the back-handed spelling. A stop watch adds excitement when used for this timing.

SINCE there is to be no seriousness at this affair, why not write some amusing (and confusing) stunts on slips of paper? Put these in a box, or in a paper dunce cap, created for the purpose. One at a time have players draw out the slips and do exactly what is written on them. Plan things suited to your particular group; the following "foolish" suggestions may act as stunt-springboards for you, also the way that they are supposed to be carried out. They all have double meanings which will add to the merry confusion, yet when interpreted correctly, are really very simple to execute.

1. Stick out your tongue and touch your foot.
2. Eat a light meal.
3. Leave the room with two feet, come back with six.
4. Stand on an unopened newspaper with Mary in such a manner that you don't touch each other.
5. Push your foot through a curtain ring supplied by Madge.
6. Sleep like a log.
7. There are two tables in this room; take off your shoes and jump over them.
8. Show us something that we will never see again.
9. Make eleven matches equal nine.
10. Show us that you are all wrapped up in your work.

Dramatizing the stunts given as follows:

1. Player sticks out his tongue, while at the same time touching his foot.
2. Player puts electric light on plate, and with a spoon acts as though about to eat it.
3. Player walks out of the room, comes back in carrying a chair.
4. Player closes a door, slides newspaper under, then Mary stands on one side, the other guest on the opposite.
5. Guest puts finger through curtain ring, then pushes his foot with that finger.
6. Player puts a log on a pillow, then lies down, covers with a sheet so that log represents his head and his feet protrude out of other end of sheet.
7. Person simply removes shoes and jumps over them.
8. Player shows group anything edible; then eats it.
9. Guest arranges matches to spell word *nine*.
10. Player wraps a blanket around him while doing whatever his work may be that can be portrayed.

TASTING tests are far from new, but one certainly can be "fooled" by tasting familiar foods which he cannot see. Take one guest at a time into another room, blindfold him, then have him taste various things. Keep a record of his guesses so that after everyone has had a test, the account will show which guest is most "foolproof."

Serve the refreshments buffet style at a table centered by a large dunce hat around the base of which are small, attractively wrapped favors for each guest. Offer nuts, mints and coffee first, then dessert; lastly sandwiches or salad—everything backward! Use a long loaf cake as the dessert—a beautiful confection iced with thick white frosting. But when one of the guests is asked to cut the cake, he'll find it can't be done because the inverted loaf tin, instead of a cake, has been iced!

After the merriment associated with that April Fool joke has subsided, bring on the real cake, assuring your friends that you won't tease them any longer. The creation that you offer now will look exactly like the "joker" and everyone will expect it to slice into fluffy rectangles of cake. It will slice into rectangles, but *not* of cake, because it will be a sandwich loaf—made by cutting an oblong loaf of bread into four or five lengthwise slices. When the slices are put back together (with a different filling between each two

(Continued on page 46.)

"just for fun!"

FAMILY STEWARDSHIP

**That includes
time, talent and treasury for every member. Check yourselves on stewardship.**

By Lula Pulliam Colwell

IT WAS the poet Homer who spoke of "his native home deep imaged in his soul." It gives us pause as we think of the great responsibility of building homes. The everyday living in a home leaves its indelible mark on every member, it becomes "deep imaged in his soul." Fortunate is that person whose home has been the place where he has learned to know God, where he has learned that he belongs not to himself, but that all of life can be lived in partnership with God.

"Stewardship" is a big word for a little child to understand, but he can be taught early that he belongs to a family. That sense of belonging, of being needed, of being a vital part of the family, can be grasped by a young child. Along with the assurance of belonging comes also the *responsibility* of belonging. He learns that "I" becomes "we," he learns that God is the father of all, and the child has also learned the basic principle of stewardship.

I READ recently of a "family conclave." We called it a family conference in our home, and it was held usually around the table after the evening meal, or just before the children's bedtime. Our daddy died when the "near-triplets" were in the first, second and third grades, but already the custom of talking things over as a family, had become an established habit, and the children and I carried on through the elementary, high school and college years, until they had formed homes of their own.

The questions discussed were not always things of great moment from an adult point of view, but children's problems had the same standing in a family conference as parents' problems. Sometimes it would be a matter of conduct on the part of one member which was jeopardizing the standing of all. Sometimes it would be the making of choices in spending money for things in the home or outside the home. Sometimes it would be planning a family picnic, sometimes compromising on which radio programs might be heard at certain hours, or who should have the car.

Helen K. Wallace in *Five Spheres of Stewardship*, tells of a professor in one of our church colleges who had written her at her request about his family's handling of money matters. "We never had a family budget in terms of actual dollars and

cents, but we did make it a practice to discuss family finances around the table after dinner in the evening, whenever problems of budget arose.

"Once I greatly needed a new suit, but there were at that time other needs in the family. My wife was in favor of buying the suit, but I hesitated because the family would have to go without other items. We finally decided to lay the problem in all of its details, before the family at one of our dinner talks. After considerable discussion, there was a unanimous vote that I should buy the suit, and we should wait for the other items." Miss Wallace adds, "The five children who participated in this family conclave are now grown, and all are investing their lives in service. This is a natural outcome of a family situation in which stewardship is taken seriously, and where there is frank discussion of family problems."

THE BEST way I know for children to learn the value of money, is to be given a chance to earn their own or else have a weekly allowance. Each child should have his own envelope for giving through the church, and it should contain his own money. Relative values are thus instilled early in life, and a child learns that money can be used for other purposes than to spend it all on himself. I know of one child who has a "giving" bank as well as a "savings" bank. In the handbook *Children and Stewardship*, Florence B. Lee tells the story of a primary class that discovered a new baby bed was needed in the nursery department. "Judy, the little girl who lived next to Roger, had outgrown her bed and Roger knew it. A committee of primary children called on Judy's mother to see if she would sell the bed and how much it would cost. An agreement between Judy's mother and the class was reached, with the understanding that she would keep the bed until they had their money. Gum, candy, ice cream and movies were sacrificed as the children saved and brought their money for the bed. These children were stewards of time and possessions. They were workers with God. They had grown in skills of Christian living and in church relationships."

Parents are, of course, the key people in teaching stewardship in giving, though a little child may sometimes lead them. If they see church offerings in terms of pennies, while it takes quarters for movies and games, the children also have a distorted idea of values.

ONE OF the problems of the home most difficult of solution, is the proper use of time, indeed to find any time when the family can all be together. School activities claim so much of the time of our children, that it is often difficult to find time for church activities. The church activities take folks away from home, too—Dad one night for men's club, youth another night, Mother still another night for a Christian education board meeting. I know of one church that is trying an interesting experiment of having meetings of church committees, boards and organizations on not more than two nights a week so that the families can have a better chance for time together.

The home where missionaries and Christian workers are frequent visitors becomes a school of world-wide interest. Even where they are not present in person, they can visit through pictures and stories and biographies. A family which can sense world-wide need, has great joy in meeting that need. It should be as usual in a Christian family to talk of the possibility of John or Mary going into full-time Christian service professionally as for Peter or Ruth to become a doctor and a teacher. Life dedication to any profession is a part of the proper understanding of the stewardship of all of life.

In that splendid book just off the press, *Treasury of the Christian Faith*, H. P. Davidson tells a story from the life of John Wanamaker, merchant prince and great Christian layman. Wanamaker was making a visit to China. "One morning he wandered out of a village and along a country road. Soon he came upon a sight that to him was strange indeed. In a field he saw an old man guiding a primitive plow to which were hitched an ox and a young man pulling together as though long accustomed to it. Mr. Wanamaker walked across the field and engaged the old man in conversation through his interpreter. What was the meaning of this queer hitch-up?"

"The story was soon told. In the village the spire of a handsome little Christian chapel gave visibility to the message of Jesus. But his faithful followers had been hard put to it in their poverty to find the means with which to erect it. They consulted and prayed and each gave all they could from their scant store. When it came to the turn of the old man and his son, he said, 'We had no money to give and we wondered what we could do, when my son spoke up and said, "Let us give one of our two oxen." "How then, my son, can we work our land?" "I will take the yoke of the ox," said my son.' And so they sold the ox and gave the money for the Lord's honoring in the new building. And Mr. Wanamaker adds he offered up then and there a silent prayer: 'Lord let me be hitched to a plow so that I may know the joy of such sacrificial giving.'"



Eva Luoma

The best way for children to learn the value of money is to be given a chance to earn their own spending money or allowance.

FIRST Things First," must be the motto of a Christian family—first claim on time, talent, treasure. There should never be any question as to whether there shall be attendance upon the worship services of the church, as to whether the church has first claim upon talents and abilities, as to whether giving to the church and the world-wide mission should have first claim on the family budget. These are all "firsts." The family can help its members to carefully budget time, talent, treasure, so that a maximum contribution can be made in each field.

A family, conscious of its stewardship, will not only be happier in the family unit, will not only be a bulwark of strength in the church to which it belongs, but will also be a source of inspiration and help to its community. St. Francis of Assisi said to a young monk one morning, "Brother let us go into the town and preach." So they walked through the town, down the main streets, through the main streets, conversing as they went until they were again at the monastery. "When shall we begin to preach?" asked the young monk. "My son," said St. Francis, "we have been preaching; we were preaching while we walked. We have been observed by our fellows, our behaviour has been remarked, and thus we have delivered a morning sermon. My child, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach unless we preach as we walk." God bless our Christian families that they in very truth may "preach as they walk."

Christian Education for YOUTH

By Paul H. Vieth

Youth is no longer considered a field to be served by the church. Rather, young people are contributing members who deserve acceptance as such into the fellowship of the church.



H. Armstrong Roberts.

WHAT a magic word is youth! It is the golden age of life, when many attractive roads are open, and nothing seems impossible. The choice of a life work is still open. The choice of a life mate is an absorbing topic. The acceptance and development of the principles by which life shall be lived are in process.

But youth has also its terrifying possibilities. What if the developing philosophy of life should trend in low rather than high directions? What if a mistake should be made in the choice of a vocation? What if the choice of a life mate should turn into disaster rather than bliss? The "point of no returning" is reached all too soon, when that which has been wrought in youth cannot be undone.

These possibilities mark out the challenge to Christian nurture during youth. Let us hope that the

foundations have been well laid during the 12 years of childhood. That is, nevertheless, only a foundation for the structure of character which is the complete life. Youth must build on those foundations. Both the Christian home and the Christian church must contribute to this process of growing up during youth.

There are those who feel that the home becomes less important to boys and girls as they move into the period of youth. This should not be the case. True, young people are more independent than children, more inclined to go their own way, more subject to the influence of companions and other associates. But the home which has lost its power to influence character growth in youth is the one which has not done well with the Christian nurture of children. Those young people who have had a happy, Christian companionship

with their parents will most likely be greatly influenced by them in their later years.

Parents must, of course, realize that the youth is no longer a child. He is a person to be dealt with "man to man," one who does have his own ideas which are often very good, one who has a right to that measure of freedom which his maturity has earned him. But this belongs to growing up. Youth is not best dealt with through the domination of authority. They must learn to make their own decisions, live their own lives. But the influence of sharing life with parents, and the atmosphere of Christian fellowship, can still surround them and be more effective in their developing character than they themselves realize.

IN THIS fearsome task of providing Christian nurture for youth, the homes do not stand alone. The

Christian church is (or should be) their constant ally. In fact, the Christian church which has achieved its mission of being a place to which youth go gladly because they feel a real sense of belonging is as another and larger Christian family to them. We are here speaking of *the church*, not any single agency of the church such as the Youth Fellowship. The church has a single mission and a single program to which every member, young and old should sense his relationship. This single program is divided into its several activities, each with its own purpose as a part of the whole, and to an extent each appealing with greater or less force to different ages of the constituency. But the whole is greater than its several parts, and no one part must ever stand in the place of the whole in the eyes of any of the members, least of all the young people.

If this contention is correct, there are several implications which follow with respect to the Christian nurture of youth.

1. Youth need worship, inspiration and challenge. This is best provided by the general church services of the church which are for the whole family. When young people are not present in large numbers at these services, there is something wrong. If the service of worship and the sermon do not appeal to youth, it is time to make a searching inquiry as to what is wrong. It could be that the young people are more right than the traditionalists. Something new by way of church services might not be amiss. And above all things, let the young people help plan what is to be done. Quite likely, also, such a study will reveal that dislike grows out of lack of understanding of the true meaning of public worship, and lack of appreciation of the great traditional elements which are included in public worship. Education in these matters will benefit the parents as much as the young people. As for the sermon, let the minister direct his preaching for a time to youth. It is almost certain that older members of

the congregation will be agreeably surprised at the new power which this will give the preacher.

2. Youth need Christian fellowship. We are all aware of the influence of bad companions. Good companions can be equally influential in good directions. Sharing in the life and activities of the church gives youth the needed association with people who are good for them—or should we rather say it is the kind of setting where they can be good for each other because of their common interests and purposes. Such association will most often be with other young people because like attracts like. But there should also be opportunities for the more mature and the less mature to associate.

Most churches need yet to learn how to draw young people into their meetings, committees and other activities which make for a real feeling of belonging. The democratic Christian family has solved this problem. Let the church make the attempt also. But mind you, this means getting over the idea that youth are a field for service, that the church must do them good. It means nothing short of taking youth into a fellowship as real persons who can make their right contribution to the whole work of the church.

3. Youth need continuing study of religion. No matter how effective the Sunday school may have been with them as children, their religious education will not be complete unless these studies are continued. Growing minds need growing understanding of the Bible, life and religion. New experiences must be understood in relation to broadening concepts of religion. How can the youth who feels the first impact of science in high school and college properly relate this new knowledge to his religion unless he is helped in so doing through the religious studies in the church?

Most Sunday schools have an acute problem in holding pupils as they move into the years of youth. Often this is because they have not provided studies in religion which are rewarding or in any way comparable to what is being

done in high schools and colleges. More often it is a matter of attitude—the idea that Sunday school is only for “kids.” Parents may aid and abet this attitude by their own indifference to the Sunday school.

An examination of any good Sunday school curriculum, such as the Bethany or Keystone Series, will show a rich offering of courses for youth. Here are studies in, “What It Means to Be a Christian,” “The Church’s Mission,” “Social Problems and Their Christian Implications,” “Christian Marriage and Family Life,” “Christian Vocations,” and many others which are just the thing to help not only with giving a good knowledge of Christianity, but also with developing a Christian Philosophy of Life. What a tragedy if our youth should miss these important studies because of the negligence of parents in helping to keep them faithful to the church?

But of course the church must also do its part. Publishing houses may furnish excellent materials, but they will not be living and dynamic curriculum unless they are taught competently. The best men and women in the church are the only ones who can perform the exacting duties of Sunday school teacher. Parents need to get over the idea that this is a service which the church owes to their children. They need to get in and help provide such service. Some of them can become teachers, others can perform other tasks. A vigorous parent-auxiliary should be part of every youth department.

THE Youth Fellowship serves a similar service, but with this difference. Systematic study is usually less evident there, but more pupil direction of the program. If it be true that learning comes by doing, this is an important part of Christian nurture. Sunday school courses are usually more systematic and planned, but youth fellowship programs can take up current issues and problems. The two belong together in one complete whole, and that is what is expressed in the present tendency to

speak of a church school, including under the term all the educational activities of the church.

4. Youth need expression in Christian service. Training in the meaning of service, and giving opportunities for expression in service activities, is a part of the task of the church with youth. Sharing in the work of the church is an element in such training. Participating in the canvass and thus becoming familiar with the work of the church is good training. Missionary activity, social service, judicious social action—all these are part of the Christian nurture of youth. If you want to get some of these jobs well done, let the young people have a hand in them.

5. Youth need wider fellowship. The summer conference movement is one of the most important new developments in the church. In these conferences young people get a new insight into religion because of the more intensive study they undergo, under very favorable circumstances, and with high quality teachers. They also gain a new sense of the importance of the church through association with young people from other churches. At some point, fellowship should be had across denominational lines through participation in interdenominational conferences, so that the sense of oneness with the whole Christian church may be developed.

6. College youth, in particular, need the ministry of religion. Campus programs for college young people are an important part of the church's ministry to youth. Parental support of religion may not be withdrawn even after the young people leave home.

Christian nurture of youth is an imperative. It is a joint task of the home and the church. It is as parents work together for these ends through their churches, as well as through maintaining a religious atmosphere in the home, that an effective approach to this important task may be made.

The Orchid

(From page 33.)

FRANCES jerked away from him. She was angry with him and she didn't know why. "Oh, Phil, how could you spend all that money on an orchid? Couldn't you see that I never did like orchids, that I only wore them because my father wanted me to? Didn't you know that I much prefer violets and daisies and yellow daffodils? And all that money, Phil, when I need so many things! Just what did you think I could do with an orchid when I haven't even a decent dress to pin it on?"

She got up and left the green box with the flower on the bed. She started to cry. Phil got up, too. His face was white and his muscles were drawn tight across his jaws.

"I guess you're right," he said simply. "I guess I didn't think of that." He started out of the room but turned slowly, his eyes looking very strange. "But remember this, Frances, there are a great many things in this old world that your precious money can't buy. You don't have to worry about the ten dollars that the orchid cost. That is my own business." When she looked up again he was gone and she couldn't find him anywhere in the house.

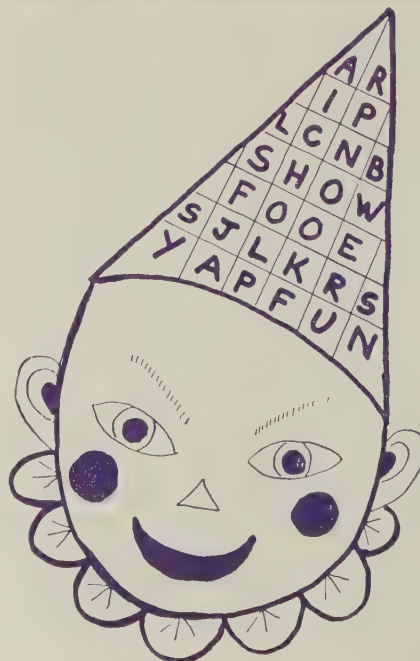
She went back into the bedroom and saw the green box lying there.

She picked it up and looked thoughtfully at the perfect flower and put it on the dresser. Then she lay down across the bed and sobbed.

SLOWLY into her subconscious mind a question began to creep. Where could he have got ten dollars that wouldn't affect their budget? She remembered how hungry he had been lately when he would come home from work in the evening. She remembered little things he had said, little things he had done, and suddenly she knew where he had got it. She could see him skipping his lunch all those days, thinking, "I'm going to buy an orchid for my love," and she could see again the look of love and eager happiness on his face when he presented it to her. Then she sobbed louder, remembering with great shame the things she had said, her lack of understanding.

She rose and took the orchid out of its green bed and held it tenderly in her hands. How different it appeared now. It represented all the love which Phil had for her, the self-sacrificing love that made him go without lunch for weeks in order to buy it for her. But why? Why had he thought of giving her an orchid instead of something else?

Then suddenly she knew the answer and she was ashamed. The
(Continued on page 44.)



Fool's Cap Puzzle

By Eleanor Hammond

Watch out on your way to School—
Someone may shout: "April Fool!"
As he plays a Joke on you.

Maybe you will play Jokes, too.
April Showers and Flowers and
Sun,

April Rainbows—April's fun!

At least ten of the important words in the rhyme can be found on the Fool's Cap. Start in any square you choose. Then move to any other square that touches it. You may move up, down, right, left or cornerwise—but you must not skip over squares.

What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life

By J. D. Montgomery



HOMES and churches are sensitive to the great realities of Easter as the season draws near. At the heart of the beauty and the charm of Easter is one's faith in the supremacy of the eternal. The Easter fact is not something that can merely be repeated or a truth that can be mathematically demonstrated. It is rather a reality which is as beautiful as the sunset and as tender as a mother's love. Neither of these can be measured in a laboratory, but their beauty and their strength are beyond question. So Easter becomes real and its buoyancy radiates from the hearts of persons whose faith is attuned to the melody of the Easter joy and whose hope reflects the freshness and the vigor of its power.

A Family Life Education Plan

The First Christian Church, Roswell, New Mexico, Marion W. Nilsson, minister, carried out an effective program on Christian family life education leading up to and during Christian Family Week in May, 1949. During the month of March the Christian family life committee of the church started an in-service-training course on Christian family life education which met one evening a week for five weeks. The chairman of the committee, Mrs. Hugh M. Huff, Jr., led the course using the leader's guide entitled, *The Church and Family Life*. The persons taking this course were the members of the Christian family life committee, teachers and officers in the church school, and other leaders in the church.

Specific Plans Made

This study resulted in some specific plans for fuller cooperation between the church and the homes of the congregation. The initiation of a project for enlisting the homes in the Crusade set up immediately a means for the church to reach families and to provide appropriate literature for their guidance.

A second element of this program was the recognition of homes upon the arrival of a new baby. This was done by placing a rose bud in a small vase on the pulpit the Sunday following the birth and by mentioning in the church bulletin the names of the child and its parents.

A third phase of this emphasis was a request that families sit together in the morning service on the first Sunday in Family Week which was the first Sunday in May and that the minister preach on a theme related to the home. On the following Sunday the service and the sermon were in recognition of Mother's Day.

Youth and Children's Activities

The fourth feature of this plan was a program for the Junior High Department conducted as a part of their regular Chi Rho Sunday evening program. This was carried out as a forum and began with a panel of young people who discussed the merits and demerits of modern parents. Following this was a panel of two fathers and two mothers who discussed the problems of this modern generation of youth. This evening session was then concluded by a city judge who rendered a verdict. By basing his remarks on the discussion which had gone before he outlined some of the weaknesses of modern families as well as pointing out some of their strong points. His verdict consisted in presenting suggestions as to how families could be made stronger and Christian teaching more effective in the home. As a part of the program the parents saw the sound film strip, "Do You Know Your Adolescents?"

The fifth project was conducted by the Primary and Junior Departments of the church school at a dinner sponsored by the teachers of the departments. The teachers were the hosts at the tables with their respective children and their parents. This gave an opportunity for parent-teacher contacts in wholesome fellowship. A program following the meal provided numbers in which the children took part as well as the filmstrip, "How the Birds Got Their Color." This program created wide interest and parents attended in numbers at the invitation of their children and many parents otherwise unreached were present.

(Continued on page 46.)

Attention, Central Area Families!

The second Central Area Family Camp will be held at the Sherwood Forest Camp, Troy, Missouri, August 2 to September 2, 1950. This camp is planned for the Disciples of Christ Churches in Missouri, Illinois and Iowa. This announcement will come as welcome news to the families who shared in our first camp at Sherwood Forest in the summer of 1949. Families who desire information about the camp should write to their state director of religious education or to J. D. Montgomery, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

The Orchid

(From page 42.)

orchid represented to him all the things she had had in her life at home. Phil knew that she was missing them, knew that she was letting the lack of those things come between them. It was all her fault and she had acted like a child. He thought that she regretted her marriage.

Then she sat down at the dresser and looked at herself in the mirror and asked the question she had not dared ask herself before. Did she regret her marriage? She tried to be honest with herself. She thought of her life at home and she thought of her life with Phil. She remembered that the things at home that had meant most to her were the long walks in the woods when she wore her oldest clothes. Then it was that she had been happiest. The other things were pleasant to have and she had grown used to them, but it was in the woods that Phil had fallen in love with her. He had loved the girl who had picked the violets and pinned them in her hair, not the girl who had worn the orchid to church in the big shiny car. He had seen the real girl that she was and he had loved that real girl.

SHE GOT up quickly and went to the bathroom and splashed cold water on her face and combed her hair again. She looked at her beloved old shoes and thought of all that they represented. She knew where to find Phil. She knew him well enough to know where he would go at a time like this. She had to find him and tell him the things that were in her heart. He must understand that she had been confused and childish but that she had grown up now and that she knew at last where she stood. She had to find out whether he still really wanted to be a doctor and if he did she had to convince him that he must be one. She had to show him that they could take sacrifices—and then she paused. She would never use that word again. It was not a sacrifice to do something for someone you loved. It was an honor to do without mere physical things in order to help the

one you loved find his place in life. He could get G.I. aid and she could get a job and if necessary she could talk Phil into accepting part of her inheritance to help pay the way. Those things were not important except as accessories to the real purpose he had for his life.

She had a big job to do and she must not fail again today. She started out of the bedroom but paused when she saw the orchid in its box where she had put it. What should she do about the orchid? Obviously she couldn't wear it to the woods pinned to the comfortable old dress she wore and she really didn't have a dress to go with an orchid. There just wasn't any place for an orchid in her life now. But it was very beautiful and Phil had loved it. She closed the box and took it to the kitchen and shoved things aside in the refrigerator to make room for it. Perhaps she would wear it later. She didn't know.

She closed the front door behind her and started up the street. At the end of the street was a park and in the park were trees and old fallen logs and fresh new wildflowers peeking up from among the dead leaves. She knew that she would find Phil sitting on one of these logs. It was Easter morning and the air was fresh and the sun was warm on her face. It was a day that called for new beginnings and flowers to be worn. Perhaps she could find some violets in the woods, some violets that she could pin in her hair.

The Long View

(From page 36.)

Annie had calmed her first anger. She knew they just hadn't been married long enough. In a few years she would probably be hardened enough to such adjustments to laugh them off. But now it seemed so serious, so dreadfully discouraging.

She thought desperately, it's not enough to say I'll get used to the adjustments we'll have to make. This has to be a satisfying one, so there can be a pattern for the solution of the next little crisis. I can't afford to be childishly hurt just because my prize exhibit is

scratched. There has to be a compromise somewhere just for a start.

She deliberately pushed from her mind the memory of the scene in the sitting room and tried to concentrate on Annie's little story. Maybe, she decided, it boils down to something like the friction between parents and growing children. Mamma forces her point of view on Joannie, even though Joannie isn't ready to understand or appreciate it. Fitz is forcing on me his conviction that the basic construction has to be right before you can finish the trimming.

She caught her breath quickly. And glory be, I'm the adolescent who won't see the mature point of view.

She was almost at the gate now and braced herself to cross the lawn and go into the doorway without panic at what she might see. The coral door was hanging squarely as it should have done in the first place. The jamb was nailed back again with a new wedge near the floor to keep it true. The gashes in the paint looked just as bad; she could hear Fitz humming with satisfaction in the tool shed and she knew he would come in after a minute and tell her he was sorry about the damage. His eyes would shine as he demonstrated to her the new, easy swing of the door.

She sat on the hassock again and made herself realize that it would be nice not to hoist the door any more. I suppose the paint can be patched up somehow, she conceded. The mist-blue chair—the greasy smudges would be impossible to remove—well, wasn't a pale blue chair a bad risk, anyway?

Birthstones

(From page 12.)

ANSWERS

1	-----	2
2	-----	6
3	-----	8
4	-----	10
5	-----	4
6	-----	1
7	-----	9
8	-----	5
9	-----	7
10	-----	3

When Is "Old Enough"?

(From page 16.)

This should not be the case and there is a growing feeling that we go to church to worship and join other Christians in prayer and praise. The sermon, which interprets and inspires, is an important part of this act of worship, but not the only part. If we therefore help our children to understand and love the elements of worship which are within their grasp, they will be ready for the sermon when they are a little older. Certainly by the time a child is in seventh grade he may find meaning and value in at least parts of the sermon.

By that time you can begin talking over one or two points of each sermon that seem within the child's understanding and interest. Gradually, he will take more and more interest as you help him discover that this teaching, helpful part of your churchgoing experience, is meant for him, too.

If your minister has a children's story or sermon, talk about it each Sunday.

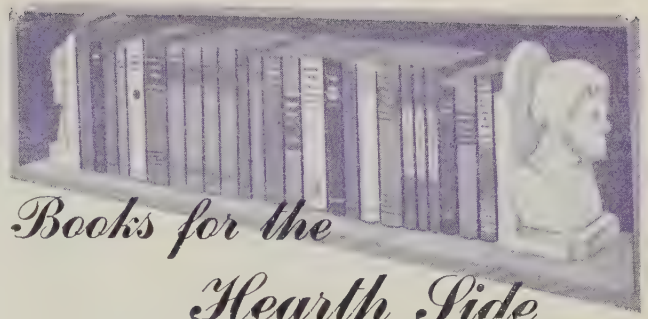
"What shall I do with my child if he is restless?" parents ask. We can scarcely expect a small child to sit perfectly still for an hour and a half on a seat where his feet will not touch the floor. However if he knows from the beginning that quietness and attention to the service are necessary to worship, there should be few disturbing moments. Scolding will serve only to build up a defense against going to church. Compliment the child on his good behavior, and if he behaves badly a time or two, simply take him out, explaining that we cannot spoil the service for other people. Then renew your efforts to help the child grow into enlightened participation in worship.

A child's conduct will be regulated by his inner attitudes. As he understands and wants to go to church, he will behave as he should. If he sees his father and mother and those he admires reverently enjoying and participating in the church service, and expressing appreciation for it, he will join with them more and more as his capabilities and development permit. The attitude of the family is of great importance in this experience.

Never force a child to go to church. He must want to go—and that desire is motivated in many ways, as we have seen. Try not to be discouraged if he has a spell of not wanting to go to church. If the groundwork has been laid, the problem will usually work itself out in time.

Most children in Christian homes like to go to church school and to church. It is more natural for them to go than to stay home, provided their families feel the same way and the experience is rewarding. While we cannot expect a child to come to an understanding and appreciation of the Sunday morning church service all at once, we can help him grow to it gradually.

Family worship will also help in this respect. All worship experiences blend together and feed upon each other. Make worship part of your lives and your children are likely to follow your example.



Books for the Hearth Side

Do you get just a little bit tired of the biographical books which are sophisticated, cynical, somewhat scornful of normal human relationships? If so then you'll enjoy reading **From Scenes Like These** by Ethel Wallace (Hathaway and Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia, 223 pages, price, \$2.00).

It is a brief account of a Philadelphia family and its experiences which make up what the author calls "My patch-work-squares, some gay colored, others dark, happenings of long ago and of today, placed together at random." It is a story of a family that tried to be Christian without being smug and gives evidence that being Christian is not necessarily synonymous with being dull.

It is well written, except in a few places, and reads easily. It is good to know that there are still families like this in the world.



Older young people and young adults who are seeking a solid basis of understanding about sex and its significance in life will find help in a new Haddam House book, **The Human Venture in Sex, Love, and Marriage**, by Peter Bertocci (Association Press, Publishers, New York, 143 pages, price, \$2.50).

In a day when standards in sex relationships are threatened with annihilation it is good to find a book whose author stands squarely upon the importance of a high idealism and practice at this point. He shows convincingly that looseness and laxity are not the way to the highest happiness between the sexes, either before or after marriage.

The author is professor of philosophy at Boston University. He addresses his book to young people "who want to work out, as far as possible, a reasoned answer to their questions and doubts, who want to satisfy the rational urge to understand and not merely to rationalize their strongest desires." Although he does not make any appeal to religious doctrine or conviction it is not because he considers "such an appeal relatively unimportant" but because "we cannot know whether we are taking the right attitude toward sex, love, and marriage until we understand the kind of problems human beings actually face in these areas." Though not concerned to deal exhaustively with the Kinsey report he does raise a question about it that needs to be raised and which puts it in its place.



People who review children's books say that stories of family life are not nearly so numerous as they were in the days when *Little Women* and *Five Little Peppers* were dear to the hearts of many children. But there is a new one which would be fun to read aloud and it is about two families. Of course they are the families of **Flossie and Bossie**, two bantam hens, but they portray in their experiences many things that happen in human families. One is also reminded of Rostand's play *Chanticleer* which has a world of philosophy in a barnyard drama.

Eve Le Gallienne wrote the book and its literary quality is assured. The proud, intolerant Bossie and the plain, humble Flossie provide a contrast in family attitudes that children and parents will enjoy reading about. Sometimes simple but important things can be said and felt in animal stories with more tact and a lighter touch than in their human counterparts. Anyway, read *Flossie and Bossie* just for fun (published by Harper Bros. Price, \$2.00).

H. A. L.

Let Him Be Different

(From page 9.)

confidence and charming friendliness make people overlook a short nose or big ears.

Guard against letting your children think you were a paragon of industry, virtue and scholarship when you were young. Very likely you've forgotten a whole lot about yourself. Anyway, your child has a right to live his own life, divorced from your past.

Instead of drawing comparisons between children, try to help each one make the most of his particular talent. Point out that all kinds of persons are needed and that each has something special to contribute. It may be a sunny disposition that makes other people feel that the world is a pleasant place. Let your child see the dignity or the sense of humor or the unselfishness in the make-up of some of the unpretentious people of the world—the cleaning woman, the mail carrier, the vegetable man.

Show that your love is the same for all your children, lest they confuse pride with affection and think that you love the extra-talented ones best. At the same time that you play up a child's good point, do not so pamper him on his weak point that he falls into the ready excuse, "I'm not good at it." Teach him that he must try extra hard in that particular field.

NOW just perhaps you may be the parent of a child who is "different" by being endowed with everything—looks, brains, talents and personality. Then yours is the problem of keeping him from feeling set apart from his fellows, from becoming smug over his superiority. You must make him grateful rather than vain by teaching him that God has specially blessed him; therefore his responsibility to society is all the greater. You must so fortify him that he will be able to "take it" if for some reason he is unable to live up to expectations.

Vary family activities to give each child a chance to shine; perhaps one is good at checkers, another at swimming, another at building an outdoor fire. Even your family devotions need to take individual differences into consideration. For one child, formal Bible reading and prayer may be his best approach to religious feeling. Another child may be the practical type, to whom the mystical side of religion will never be so important as the "doing something" for others.

Reconcile yourself to disappointments. It is being rather blind to say as some parents do, "I wouldn't change a single thing about my child." Everybody can stand a bit of changing. And careful guidance *can* bring about some changes. But if in spite of all you try to do, your almost-grown boy or girl doesn't fit into the dreams you had when you were knitting little socks, don't blame yourself. If you have done your best, be satisfied and have faith that God has a place for your son or daughter.

Value your child for what he is. Remember that when Jesus wished to tell his listeners about the kingdom of heaven he set a child in the midst of them.

The Bible doesn't say a curly-haired blond child, a child scoring 99.84 per cent physically in the state fair contest, or a Quiz Kid. Jesus took a child—some child who merely happened to be in the crowd at hand. Every child is born with the simple sincerity, the humility, and the naturalness which, if kept unspoiled, are pearls without price.

National Family Week

(From page 43.)

Family Week is to be observed this year May 7-14, affording another annual opportunity for families to rediscover the significance of cooperative Christian family relationships.

In days like these we need to be reminded again and again of the value of identifying ourselves with every interest and activity of our children. And, in addition, we need both guidance and encouragement in creating a pattern of life within the home which includes cooperative planning, play, work, and worship.

The only adequate safeguard against forces that would destroy family unity is a quality of living within the home that encourages spiritual growth through the sharing of common interest, through creative activity, and through an unswerving faith in God.

Family Week seeks to re-emphasize those relationships that are fundamental to strong family life, based upon mutual trust, respect, confidence, and faith in one another.

This week, properly observed, can bring new purposes, and a renewed sense of family togetherness. Make it an occasion of real significance in your family. See your pastor about Family Week programs in your church.

April Fool

(From page 37.)

slices) the loaf is iced with cream cheese beaten smooth with cream until it has the appearance and consistency of a sugar icing.

FOR THE sake of foolishness, insist that the guests eat from the backs of their plates, use the handles of forks and spoons for eating, and hold coffee cups in their left hands. Have large paper napkins folded to resemble dunce caps, with the centers on the inside; only when they are unfolded will the guests discover that the centers have been cut out!

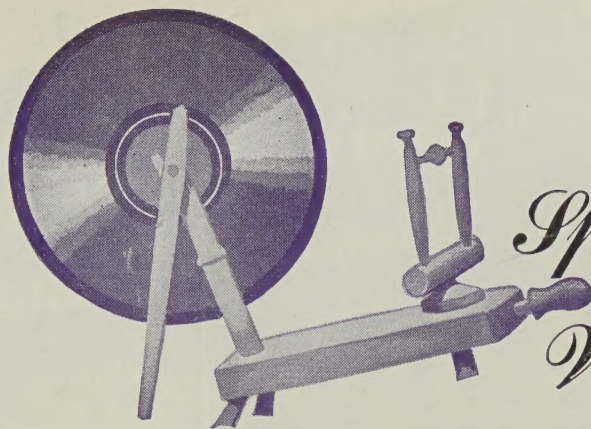
Just before the group disbands, remind them of their favors but ask them to wait until they reach home to open the small packages. Then speed them on their way with such foolish salutations as: "Good evening—you're just in time for the party!" or "Hello there; we've been looking for you; we surely hope you won't have to leave early!" Never give them the slightest hint that when they open their attractively wrapped favors, there will be nothing in the boxes—the final "April Fool" of the evening!

By Ann Tatman

Listening to records can be one of the most pleasant and rewarding of all family activities. It has always been a popular activity, and is even more so now that such fine equipment is available. The excellency of the tonal quality of record-playing machines is ever becoming better, and automatic record changers eliminate hopping up and down to turn over the record, and make listening a relaxing pleasure. Too, the new long-playing records provide continuous listening for forty-five minutes, without even the interruptions of the automatic record changer. More and more fine pieces, both classical and popular, are now appearing on these records.

Records, although providing pleasure for families all year long, are especially inspiring around holidays or times of special celebrations. Thus, when we celebrate Easter in our homes, our worship experiences will be enhanced greatly if we use some of the wonderful recordings of the truly great religious music that we love to hear in churches during the Easter season. Many well-known artists have recorded this music, but we have space to list only a few here.

The Palms by Jean Baptiste Faure. The following, recorded by RCA Victor, are only three of the presentations of this well-known song that are available. John McCormack, famous Irish tenor, prepared "The Palms" with orchestral accompaniment. On the other side is



The Spinning Wheel

Adeste Fideles, sung by Mr. McCormack and the Trinity Choir. These recordings are old, but still quite good. James Melton, American tenor, is accompanied by John Gart at the Hammond organ, in his version of the same piece. On the other side of this record is **The Holy City**, also sung by Mr. Melton. A baritone version of "The Palms" is given by Thomas L. Thomas, with Gustave Haenschen and his all-string orchestra and chorus. The reverse side, with the same artists, contains Schubert's **Ave Maria**.

Panis Angelicus (O Lord Most Holy) by Franck. Again, John McCormack has recorded this for RCA Victor with orchestral accompaniment. On the reverse side of the record, Mr. McCormack

sings **Christ Went Up Into the Hills**, by Adams and Hageman. (Again, these recordings were made sometime ago.) A recording was also prepared by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, with Arthur Fiedler as conductor and Jacobus Langendoen as cello soloist. On the back, the orchestra recorded Schubert's "Ave Maria," Julius Theodorowicz, violin soloist, with organ and harp. Still another presentation of "Panis Angelicus" is contained in the album "Religious Songs by Jeannette MacDonald," also prepared by RCA Victor.

★ ★ ★

Parsifal by Wagner. Excerpts from Wagner's beautiful opera about the knights of the Holy Grail are contained in a Columbia album of eight records, sixteen sides. Ernst Wolff (tenor), Alexander Kipnis (bass), and the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra present the Flower Maidens Scene, the Good Friday Music, the Grail Scene, the Transformation Scene, and the Prelude to Act III. These various scenes may also be obtained separately. Leopold Stokowski, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, has recorded the Prelude to Act III and the Good Friday Spell for RCA Victor. These are on four twelve-inch records.

The Messiah by Handel. Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., leads the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in this recording of Handel's oratorio. Elsie Suddaby (soprano), Marjorie Thomas (contralto), Heddle Nash (tenor), and Trevor Antony (bass) are the soloists with the Luton Choral Society, Special Choir, and Herbert Dawson, organist. The music comes in two volumes, both quite large, and is produced by RCA Victor. Many of the loveliest portions of "The Messiah" have, of course, been recorded separately by talented artists, both for RCA Victor and for Columbia.

★ ★ ★

The Trumpeter (Barron-Dix). Richard Crooks, tenor, recorded this song with the RCA Victor Orchestra, Maximilian Pilzer, conductor. On the other side is the lovely traditional Negro spiritual, "Where You There When They Crucified My Lord?" This, also, is sung by Mr. Crooks.

Amusing Music for Children

By Joey Sasso

Stampede, story by Henry Walsh and Peter Steele, music by Abraham Ellstein. Gene Autry and supporting cast with orchestra conducted by Carl Kotner. (*Columbia Children's Album*.) Here it is! The first in a long series of special children's releases from Columbia!

Yep, it's a jam-packed-with-excitement story on records! And Gene gets to sing two tunes on the discs, too—just the kind of things the youngsters love! The two ten-inch records are in a brightly colored, eye-catching envelope folder.

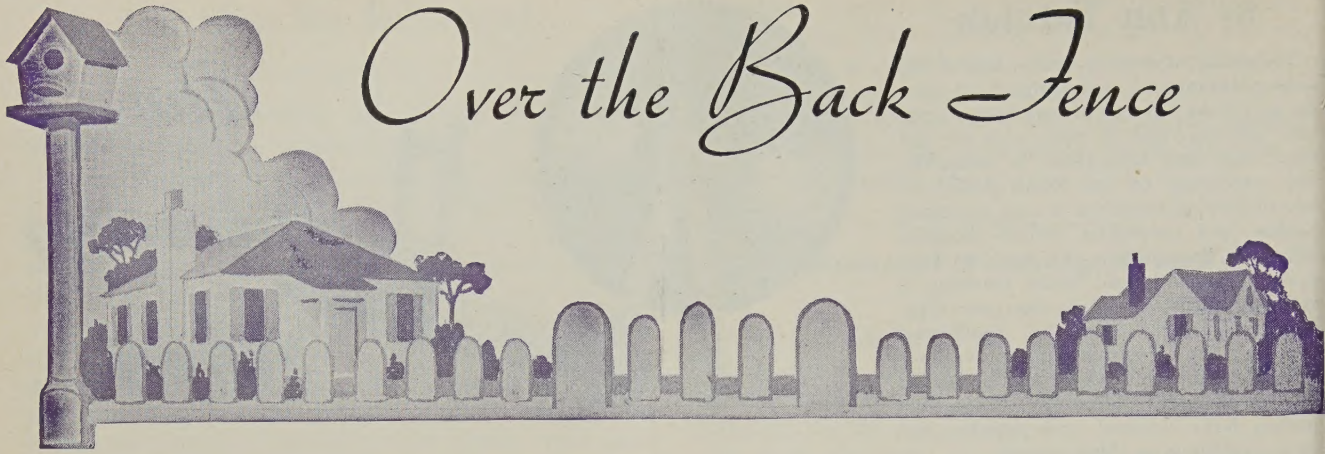
Fun on the Farm, Jerry Wayne. (*Columbia Children's Record*.) Here is something new and novel in children's records. It's something to get excited about, an entertaining and tuneful game for the children. It combines a non-releakable record, narrative and song by Columbia's Jerry Wayne with a colorful jigsaw puzzle.

Familiar farm animals are taken from their places in the barn, put in the field for the day and then returned to the barn at night—simply by the child pushing the jigsaw pieces gently from position to loosen them. Then, as the story progresses, the youngster can move the ani-

mals about as indicated on the record by Jerry Wayne.

Sing Along (*Young People's Records*) Sung by George Rasely and Mardi Bryant. This is a singing participation record that is bound to produce a response in almost every child. For the singing that the child is asked to do is simple enough and entertaining enough to lure even the most bashful youngster into giving forth. The two songs on the record are old German folk tunes and the translation is done in the authentic spirit of the material. Each song is sung through completely once and then sung a second time with pauses in the lyrics for the fill-in response of the child. A good idea, well executed.

Woody Woodpecker and His Talent Show (*Capitol Children's Album*). Mel Blanc, whose great characterizations of Woody Woodpecker are beloved by children everywhere, presents a hilarious talent show. Woody himself is the master of ceremonies and among the talent performing are the Little Goldfishes, Wally Walrus, Carl Caterpillar and Happy Hedgehog. The record reader is packed with full-color pictures describing the antics of Woody and his pals.



Over the Back Fence

Easter at Christmas

This Easter editorial is being written two weeks before Christmas. The day is cold and gray and the trees, as barren as telephone poles, give no promise of a renewal of life which is the Easter message. Physically the Christmas climate is vastly different from that of the Easter season.

But spiritually the seasons of the soul are the same! A reading of all the gospel accounts of the resurrection against the background of the Christmas atmosphere resounds with echoes of the same notes being struck. It is a message of how great fear is turned into great joy. The angel said to the shepherds, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy." But the angel said to the women, "Do not be afraid. . . . He is not here, for he has risen." So they departed with reverence and great joy. (We would insist that the word ordinarily translated "fear" in Matthew 28:8 can just as well be rendered "reverence.")

Straw in the Wind

Many of us for a long time have been irked by the fact that intoxicating beverages are increasingly sold in all sorts of places. Drug stores, grocery stores, department stores and other places as well as saloons, taverns, bars, and all the other gilded palaces of so-called high-night-life, not to mention some churches. It may come as a surprise to many to learn that in more than half of the states of this country gasoline stations are allowed to sell whiskey. Mr. Lou E. Holland of Kansas City, president of the American Automobile Association, calls attention to this fact and goes on to say:

"This is an evil practice in its effect upon adult drivers, but it is appalling when the teen-agers are considered. This mixing of gasoline and alcohol by young, irresponsible drivers has got to be stopped or the accident records will mount to tolls undreamed of heretofore."

Mr. Holland urges that parents give closer supervision to their teen-agers who drive. He also demands legislation to eliminate the sale of alcoholic beverages at gasoline stations.

We're with you, Mr. Holland, but why not go a little further and ask that the sale of alcohol be stopped in drug stores, grocery stores and other re-

spectable business establishments? In fact, in light of the experience of two of our states where whiskey has been prohibited for years by legislation, why not reverse the recent action in Kansas, one of those states, and stop its sale altogether? It is a matter of record that alcoholism has been much lower in Kansas and Oklahoma than in the rest of the states.

If more of us become as excited as Mr. Holland his "straw in the wind" will become a "strawstack in a hurricane."

Who Are the Savages?

The *Lutheran Standard* recently published a letter from a native New Guinea Christian. It is entitled, "O White People, War Should Not Come Again." Here it is:

"Our Friends in Australia, America, Sydney, Port Moresby, Japan, and all the other places—King, Government, Kiap, Lords, all of you listen:

"All of us black people of New Guinea feel like this: Your bombs, your mortars, and your men overwhelmed us. Our villages, our gardens, as well as some of our people were destroyed and battered. We were driven back to the habitat of the animals, the wild pigs, rats, birds, and cassowaries. We ate their food, vines and leaves. And we pleaded with the boulders to open that we might hide in them, but in vain. Some of us were annihilated.

"We had never seen such things before. We saw things that not even our heathen ancestors saw. Our legs shook, our knees turned to water. We say that this should never come again to us. Therefore, you people in high positions, place a barrier in the path of war that it may never again reach us. O King at London and America's President, you two halt it. If you fight in your own countries that is your own affair.

"Our taros were dug up and everything eaten, our countryside destroyed. Things that we had never seen nor heard of before happened, that is why we make this plea. Then, too, in God's commandments it reads: 'Thou shalt not kill.' And when we continue to transgress this commandment is that a great sin or not? That is all I have to say.

I am a New Guinea native.

GAPECNUOC"

What else is there to say?

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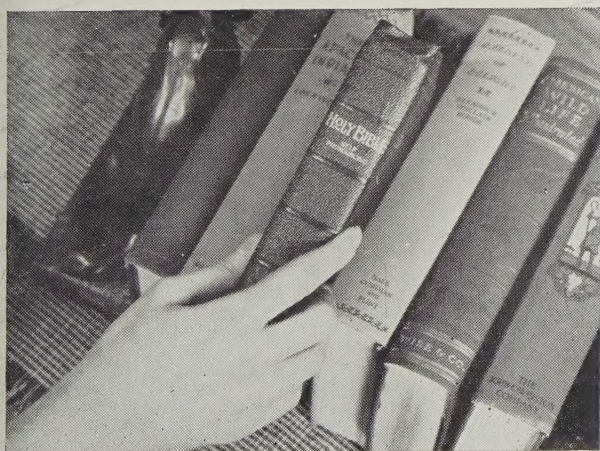


—R.N.S.

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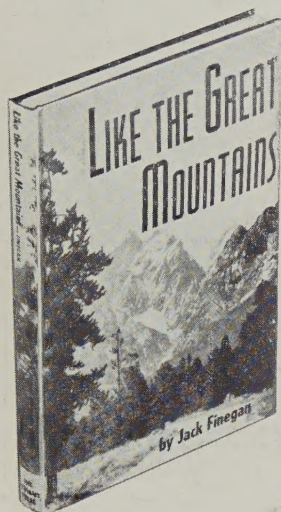
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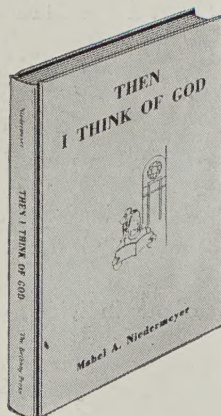
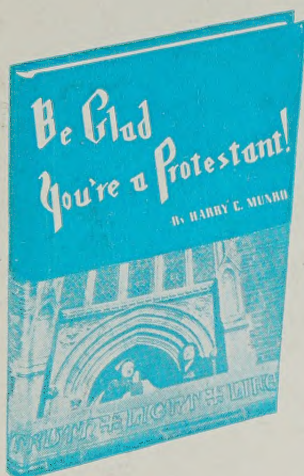
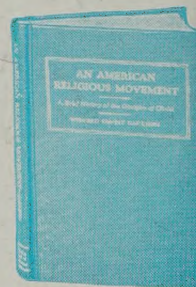
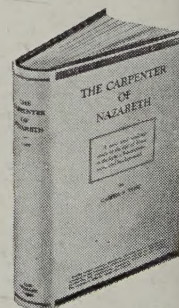
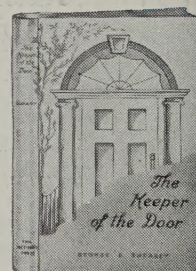
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